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THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE EMPEROR of the FRENCH has no living superior in the composition of State papers. His speeches and addresses always express the intended meaning, and they have often the advantage of novelty. The colourless formality of English Speeches from the Throne well becomes a Constitutional Government, and it is equally natural that an individual ruler should impress a personal character on his communications with the subordinate bodies of the State. In one respect the style of limited Royalty is more dignified as well as more modest. In sketching out the business of the Session, no Minister would think it necessary to vindicate the ancient and unquestioned institutions of England; but the French Empire is too recent to take itself for granted, and it has not yet succeeded in conciliating educated opinion, although it is supported by popular feeling and prejudice. In summing up the recent achievements of his reign, NAPOLEON III. virtually admits that the fabric which he has raised is still partially supported by his own ability and vigour. It is yet uncertain whether the arch will stand when the temporary framework has been struck away, nor is any form of government to be considered permanent until it has stood the test of adversity, and even of feeble administration. The Speech to the Senate and Legislative Body is at the same time an elaborate apology for the Empire, and an appeal to the multitudinous constituency of France. The current questions of the day are passed over with slight mention, to make room for the successes which have attended the existing Government, both in peace and war. The termination of ten years from the re-establishment of the Empire, and of five years since the election of the Chamber, has been considered an appropriate occasion for the review of all the important transactions of the period; and as the desired effect will probably be attained in France, it is not for strangers to censure the apparent disrespect of using an ostensible Legislature as a mere channel for the transmission of the Imperial thoughts to the people. The Senate and the Legislative Body might be supposed to deal with the finances, with the Mexican war, and with the ambiguous policy which has been adopted in Italy; but the only reference to their duties is the general phrase that useful work is yet in store for the conclusion of their labours. The members of the elected Chamber are exhorted, at greater length, to prepare for the coming dissolution by urging on their constituents the choice of fresh representatives as loyal and as docile as themselves. The King of Prussia might take a lesson from the temperate and persuasive language in which a really able sovereign deprecates popular opposition. Instead of vapouring about divine right, NAPOLEON III. tells his manageable subjects that he will always be ready to adopt whatever may be for the interest of the majority, and that they, on their part, must avoid conflicts, "and send to the new Chamber men who, like you, accept without reserve the present system, and prefer serious deliberations to sterile discussions." It is true that in Prussia there is a responsible and regulated constituency which may fairly assert an opinion of its own on national affairs. The French Constitution disfranchises the political classes in favour of the Imperialist peasantry; and yet NAPOLEON III. has the good sense to ask the support of the electors instead of demanding their obedience.

If French Senators and Representatives were afflicted with a susceptibility little suited to their position, they might be annoyed by the recapitulation of achievements in which they had no perceptible share. It is true that the Danubian Principalities have a common Government, that Savoy and Nice have been appropriated, and that the welfare of France has been largely promoted by commercial treaties. Both political parties may, like the interlocutors in M. PREVOST PARADOL's dialogue, comfort themselves with the paragraph on Italy, but they must also feel that they are as little consulted

on the direction of future policy as the dog who interrupted the same conversation. The commercial treaties, whether pending or concluded, are the most useful measures of the Imperial reign, and they also mark most conspicuously the inability of the Legislative Body to interfere with the policy of the Crown. The EMPEROR effected his object by diplomacy for the express purpose of avoiding the opposition which the Chamber might have offered to reductions in the tariff. The war with Austria, the acquisition of Savoy, and the expedition to Mexico, were not more exclusively his own acts than the treaty with England. The share of power which is enjoyed by the French nation under the system of universal suffrage is measured by the proportion of legislative measures to Imperial decisions in the official eulogy of the last five years. With the exception of some financial details, the EMPEROR treats exclusively of the advantageous exercise of his own prerogative; nor does he fail to take credit for the nominal concession to the Legislative Body of a certain control over the Budget. Universal suffrage can only boast of the acquiescence of its nominees in the proposals of M. FOULD. The Duke of MORNAY, however, goes so far as to congratulate the Chamber on the "loyal influence" by which it has caused certain laws to be amended or withdrawn. On the whole, the Speech was well adapted to its purpose of persuading the people to approve of the continued suspension of Parliamentary Government. Influence abroad and prosperity at home are legitimate recommendations of absolute power, although free nations would consider the most brilliant material results altogether incommensurable with the right of managing their own affairs.

The curiosity with which the Imperial Speech was expected has received little gratification. Politicians in all parts of Europe were perfectly aware of all that could be said of Prince COUZA, and they desired to know what course the French Government was likely to adopt in Mexico, in Greece, in Italy, and in North America. In speaking of his Italian policy, the EMPEROR perhaps only referred to past events, and he has a hundred times announced that in liberating Italy he continued to protect the POPE. As his engagements with the Holy See allowed of the alienation of the Marches and Legations, sanguine Liberals may hold that his duties are not less compatible with the secularization of Rome itself, and its remaining territory. At this moment, however, it would seem that the balance inclines towards the Holy See, especially as the EMPEROR oddly declares that the friendship of France with Austria has never for a moment been interrupted since the termination of the war. On the other side it may be urged that no mention is made of the rumoured reforms in Papal administration. For the present, the angel of the Holy See is likely to continue his metaphorical wrestling match with the mortal adventurer of Turin. There is no immediate risk of his finding himself incorporated with "he knows not what kingdom," although his subjects know and envy it. As the Speech is not primarily addressed to foreign Courts, it is perhaps strange that the EMPEROR should have thought it necessary to protest that peaceable and friendly relations will not be disturbed by the events which have taken place in Greece. The remark is intended to betray a certain feeling of soreness against England, which is certainly not provoked by any act of the Government. The events which have taken place in Greece consist of the deposition of OTTO and the popular election of Prince ALFRED. With the fall of the Bavarian dynasty England had no concern; and the refusal of the offered crown ought to obviate the remonstrances, if not the jealous feelings, of rival Powers. The project of relinquishing the Septinsular Protectorate ought to be exempt from unfavourable comment, inasmuch as it will necessarily require the assent of France, as well as of the parties to the Treaty of 1815.

The conjecture that a fresh attempt at mediation in America

would be announced has, for the present, been disappointed. "Advises inspired by sincere sympathy have been sent across "the Atlantic," and probably the French Minister at Washington is instructed to renew his counsels whenever a favourable opportunity arises. The Northern States have removed one obstacle to French interference by the calmness or gratitude with which they received the proposal of an armistice which would have established the independence of the South. The EMPEROR seems to infer that his offer of mediation would have been accepted if England and Russia had been willing to concur in the proposal. It is true that the persistent neutrality of England produced new bursts of vituperation throughout Federal America, but it would be imprudent to assume that an opposite course of conduct would have been received with less indignation. As the Northern journalists observed, intervention on the part of England would necessarily have proceeded from hostile motives, and the refusal to concur in the French plan was only dictated by eagerness for the final disruption of the Union. The abstinence of Russia, on the other hand, was considered even more meritorious than the French attempt to terminate the blockade of the Confederate ports. On the whole, it may be collected that the French Government will be satisfied for the present with the display of its anxiety to relieve the distressed cotton manufacturers; and if the English Parliament approves the decision of the Government, it is not probable that the scheme of a joint mediation will be revived under existing circumstances. New York is amiably providing the French army in Mexico with supplies for the campaign, and the removal of General BUTLER diminishes the probability of a collision between the Federal Government and France. To the Senate and Legislative Body the expediency of the Mexican expedition is proved by the oracular declaration, that there is no country too distant for the vindication of French honour, and that "duty always advances through danger."

The diplomatic papers which have since been published are, in some respects, more communicative than the Speech. One statement of M. DROUYN DE LHUYS will cause reasonable surprise to the best-informed English politicians. It appears that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL, while they are offering to cede the Ionian Islands to Greece, have formally invited the POPE to take up his residence at Malta. It is difficult to understand the motives for so unexpected a proposal; and the objections are so numerous and obvious, that strong reasons would be required to justify the measure. The POPE at Malta would find himself in the midst of the most bigoted Catholic population in the world, and the local priesthood would take every opportunity of displaying their exclusive allegiance to their spiritual Head. All the Catholic Powers of Europe would claim the right of watching over the interests of the POPE; and even if they made no pretension to protect his person, they would constantly interfere with the administration of an important English possession. For all the troubles of the Holy See, its heretic protectors would be held responsible; and Irish Ultramontanists would not fail to attribute to the basest motives the generous offer of an asylum where, as it would be suggested, the POPE would be at the mercy of his most inveterate enemies. Prudent Englishmen will concur with M. DROUYN DE LHUYS in his hope that if the POPE, at any future time, changes his residence, he will give France, or some other country, a preference to the QUEEN'S dominions.

THE BIRMINGHAM MEETING.

THE electors of Birmingham may have the satisfaction of thinking that they send to Parliament two members who have each an independent way of thinking, and are not cut on the wooden pattern of plausible mediocrity which is so dear to the Metropolitan boroughs. The members for Birmingham, although belonging to the more extreme section of the Liberal party, differ almost as widely as it is possible on many of the points which now afford matter of political discussion. And the people of Birmingham appear to have the good sense to relish and accept these differences. If they have Mr. BRIGHT to tinge the politics of Europe with a radiance of Quaker poetry, and to pour out on the Church and the Normans who govern us the fierce fury of a democratical Puritan, they have in Mr. SCHOLEFIELD a politician who is of the old English school in most matters of foreign politics—who stands up for blockades, and for making war with the whole strength and resources of a nation, and who looks on the contest between the two sections of America, not as the Armageddon of Republicanism, but simply as a struggle in which the smaller people have won their liberty by beating the bigger people. The meeting of last Thursday was highly

creditable to Birmingham, so far as it testified to the forbearance and independence of the electors, but it does not appear to have had any particular object, or to have offered Mr. BRIGHT an opportunity of saying anything strong and impressive. He rambled over many subjects without having much to say on any that bore the peculiar stamp of his mind. He did not mount any of his hobbies, or, if he rode them at all, trotted them as gently and pleasantly as he could. He even advised the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, whose members he was immediately addressing, not to adopt his views of international law too hastily; and a lion can scarcely roar more like a sucking dove than that. If they are capable of any sustained reflection on the important subject of maritime law to which he referred, they will see at once that they did not obtain from him any hints that could really contribute to a right decision. It will readily occur to them that, if blockades are absolutely useless, it is curious that all Continental nations should be so eager to get England to abolish them as Mr. BRIGHT represents them to be. Nor is it very difficult to see that a partial blockade may inflict a serious blow on commerce, although some avenues of trade remain open. It is difficult, as Mr. BRIGHT suggests, to suppose that, however strong we were at sea, we could close every French port. But the blow we should inflict on French trade by simply closing the harbours of Havre and Marseilles would be only slightly compensated by the power which French merchantmen might still enjoy of slipping out of minor ports. Mr. SCHOLEFIELD, also—if courtesy had permitted him a reply—might easily have exposed the fallacy of the argument by which Mr. BRIGHT attempted to meet his remark that it was highly desirable, in the interests of peace, that the mercantile community should know they would lose by war. Mr. BRIGHT replied that, directly the war began, a new set of interests were formed. Foreign commerce was forgotten in lucrative war contracts, and the holders of an inflated currency did not like the sobering collapse that peace might bring. But even if it were true that traders are for peace during peace, and for war during war, it is obvious that—as we start with supposing that peace exists—we have all the influence they possess enlisted on the side we favour, if the rules of maritime law are constructed so as to make the change primarily injurious to them.

When he speaks of foreign politics, Mr. BRIGHT has the great merit of representing, and expressing to us in our own tongue, the ordinary opinions of the ordinary Frenchman as to the relations of England and the Continent. It is good for us to know how our neighbours think of us, and to have their views of our proceedings and policy brought home to us by an Englishman who puts what he has to say forcibly and clearly, and who—without any apparent derivation of his opinions from foreign sources—regards England with that mixture of justice and injustice, and that curious confusion of fiction and fact, which are habitual to so many persons on the Continent. He tells his friends at Birmingham that England is detested by every country in Europe; and the only mode of averting the detestation which occurs to him is the cession of Gibraltar. Half the journalists of Paris are ready at a moment's notice to repeat, day after day, the same opinions. There is some sort of basis for them, but it is a very slight basis. The English are disliked, on some parts of the Continent, for the simple reason that our frantic passion for travelling continually forces us into new regions, and compels us to penetrate into new settlements where all tourists are hated as intruders. The extreme Liberals of Europe have also for many years poured out a flood of bitter execration against us, because we were not as ready as they wished to overturn the Governments with which they quarrelled. But it is not at all true that England is universally detested. In Holland, in Denmark, in Sweden, there is an admiration and affection for England which has no parallel in the relation of Continental States to each other. Austria and Italy, although so fierce against each other, see each its best support and most trustworthy ally in England. Frenchmen certainly hate England in proportion as they are vulgar and ignorant; but perhaps the same thing may be said of Englishmen and France. Nor is it at all likely that the lower population of two countries which have for so many centuries been accustomed to fight each other, will easily abandon the rude delight of cursing and gnashing the teeth when the name of their enemy is mentioned. We should do exceedingly little to make ourselves popular in France by giving up Gibraltar, although we should perhaps be applauded by the few French journalists who did not ascribe our magnanimity to the fear of Spain. But their applause would be

due to their differing from Mr. BRIGHT, who is quite sure that Gibraltar is utterly valueless as a military position, and to their natural wish to encourage us in making a useless sacrifice. Mr. BRIGHT's views on the cession of Gibraltar afford a curious illustration of the laxity with which he tests, and of the eagerness with which he accepts, any opinions that happen to please him. He thinks it quite enough to state that the unanimous opinion of military men is that Gibraltar is useless. Of course, if it were useless, there is no reason why we should not let Spain have it; but the fact of its uselessness is the very fact which we wish to have placed beyond doubt. Unless we are told who the military authorities are who think Gibraltar useless, and what are their reasons, and how carefully their opinion has been examined and criticized, we cannot get any further.

Affairs in America are not going on in a way to give Mr. BRIGHT much pleasure in treating of them. He can scarcely repeat the assurance he lately made, that the North was certain to be successful. He therefore has nothing better to do than to make America a peg for finding fault with people at home. And the particular grievance he seizes on is the unnecessary uncertainty as to the proper price of cotton, which has been caused by clever speculators seeing through a millstone, and finding a deep meaning in the opinions which members of the Cabinet have hazarded about the war. It appears, too, that the London press has contributed to this uncertainty by creating a general impression that the South would succeed in establishing her independence. If every one here would but agree to calculate that the North was sure very soon to win, because its cause was so good and just, and the Northerners were so fine, so unpretending, so conciliatory to a people, all would be well. These opinions would not disturb prices, and everyone would look in the same way at the chance of the cotton ports being opened. As the real cause, however, of cotton being excluded from England is that the North cannot gain the decisive victory over the South which will, it is hoped, end the war all at once—and as the real cause of this inability is not anything in English opinion, but the fancy of the North to send undisciplined troops, under generals who openly avow their own incompetence, to attack impregnable positions—the London press, even if it kept absolutely silent on the American war, would have no means of doing good to reward it for its abandonment of its functions. Reflection would deprive Mr. BRIGHT of the pleasure of uttering his thunderbolts against the papers which disagree with him; and therefore he cannot perhaps be fairly asked to give himself the pain of reflecting. Otherwise, he might easily satisfy himself that his theory of the duty and office of the press is one wholly untenable in a free country. He supposes that if Englishmen, writing in newspapers, see great mistakes in the policy of a foreign nation—great wrongs committed by a foreign Government, great folly, madness, and ignorance displayed by a foreign populace—they are to pass over all these things, and pretend not to see them, as soon as any one chooses to surmise that to express them will give, at some remote distance of time, occasion for a possible war. Mr. BRIGHT might at least as fairly be asked to abstain from habitually painting the country gentlemen of England as hard-hearted Norman robbers, lest he should give occasion for a possible burning of ricks. The only question as to the comments of the press is, whether they are reasonable, honest, fair, and founded on as ample data as can be obtained. If they are, they must either be accepted without regard to the passions they may awaken in the minds of those whose doings furnish the matter of comment, or the press has no meaning, use, or value whatever.

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

IF experience had not shown that absurd courses of conduct may nevertheless be adopted, the contingency of a war between Prussia and Austria might be safely pronounced impossible. It seems incredible that Germany, with France on one side and Russia on the other, should deliberately divide itself into two belligerent parties for the purpose of settling a question of political precedence. The Federal Constitution of 1814 was but an awkward substitute for the effete Empire which perished in 1806; but German patriots and statesmen preferred a compromise to a revival of the dependent Confederation of the Rhine, or to the absolute and final disruption of the subdivided nation. Although the Diet of Frankfurt is weak and occasionally obstructive, Germany has been less completely disunited during the last fifty years than for several preceding centuries. Although Austria has since been involved both in civil and foreign war, the Federal

territory has never been violated, and it has been fully understood that all the German States would resist the invasion of any part of their common country. It was to avoid a collision with the forces of the League that CHARLES ALBERT abstained, in 1848, from a blockade of Trieste; and when NAPOLEON III. marched into Lombardy, he considered it necessary to provide a second army for the defence or passage of the frontier of the Rhine. The union of Germany, constituting by far the strongest Continental Power, would furnish the best security for the peace of Europe; and even the imperfect cohesion of the Federal Constitution affords an important security against foreign aggression, although the hereditary rivalry of the two great German Powers prevents the Diet from adopting any consistent or vigorous policy. The petty princes have generally courted the patronage of Austria, while Prussia, as a Protestant and comparatively Liberal Power, has been regarded with vague hope and fluctuating confidence by the general population. As the Governments alone are represented in the Diet, it has been the interest of Austria to employ Federal agency; while Prussia has always insisted on the military and political leadership of the Northern States, if not of the whole Confederation. In 1859, in anticipation of a probable war with France, the Prussian Government informed the Diet that it would not allow its troops to be commanded by Federal generals. It cannot be doubted that Germany would always acquiesce in the reasonable pretensions of a Power which is, in any case, strong enough to dispense with the consent of the Confederate Governments; but at the same time, the majority, acting under the influence of Austria, will not easily concur in any organic changes of the Constitution. All the parties concerned have plausible grievances to urge, but the politics of the Diet are assuredly not worth a civil war.

If Count BISMARCK really intends to contrive a rupture with Austria, his conduct can only be attributed to the hope of escaping from internal difficulties. The KING and his MINISTER are at issue with the Chamber of Deputies on the fundamental principle of the Constitution; and the contest for the control of the national finances incidentally arises from a dispute as to the numbers and organization of the army. The KING desires to form a nucleus of professional soldiers, and also to increase the numerical strength of the national forces; and his advisers may have taught him to believe that his object would be most easily accomplished by employing the army on active service, and at the same time gratifying the ambition of the people. It is true that the Prussians have long been dissatisfied with the spiritless policy of their Government, nor is the tame submission of the late KING to Austria, in 1850, either forgotten or forgiven; yet if a national enemy were to be sought for, it would not be necessary to create a civil war in Germany, and a struggle for Prussian supremacy would be especially unseasonable when the KING is engaged in the suppression or violation of Constitutional rights. The Chamber at Berlin will not be conciliated by the Minister's gratuitous pugnacity; and a war originating in a desire to increase the military estimates is by no means likely to be popular. Count BISMARCK has managed thus far to give his own part in the dispute all the appearance of wanton provocation. The offence of Austria consisted in the rejection, by the Diet, of the Commercial Treaty with France, and in certain projects for the modification of the Federal system. There may have been sufficient reason for diplomatic remonstrances, but the Prussian Minister was represented, in a Frankfort paper, to have addressed the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin in wholly unjustifiable language. According to the report, he declared that Prussia would not defend Germany against French invasion, and he also threatened her withdrawal from the Federation, as the alternative of a concession of leadership. The statement was undoubtedly inaccurate, but Count BISMARCK took the opportunity of combining an indefinite disclaimer of the language which had been attributed to him with a wholly unnecessary affront to the Austrian Government. As the report was partially true, he declared that his confidential communication must have been betrayed by Count RECHBERG; and while he repudiated the alleged indifference of Prussia to foreign invasion, he abstained from substituting the true version of his conversation with Count CAROLYI. It has been consequently inferred that he wishes to engage in a quarrel with Austria; and it has further been hastily assumed that he intends to fight as well as to wrangle.

The Austria of ten years ago, with Hungary subdued and with NICHOLAS at its back, would have instantly resented a Prussian attempt at intimidation; but in a difficult crisis, and under a more prudent Government, a wanton challenge will

not be unnecessarily accepted. Count RECHBERG and his colleagues, while they know that grave difficulties are impending on the side of Hungary, have reason to be satisfied with the relations of the Empire to Germany; and they are actively and successfully engaged in bringing the finances into order. Constitutional principles, for the moment, flourish at Vienna more vigorously than at Berlin, and while the Princes retain their ordinary leaning to the Imperial Court, the nation at large is compelled to withhold its sympathy from an obstinate and reactionary Government. Strong language will, therefore, be answered by verbal retaliation or by dignified silence. The Austrian Government knows that a pacific policy will be cordially supported by England, and, under present circumstances, even by France. There are also indications that the Court of Prussia is not thoroughly in earnest, and it is satisfactory to observe that the language of the Speech from the Throne is moderate and inoffensive. A Power meditating war courts the natural enemies of its intended adversary, and yet the King of Prussia has recently offered an unnecessary slight to Italy by the appointment of General WILLISEN to the mission at Turin. As the Austrian army is far more than a match for the Prussian, it is absurd to suppose that the weaker party would commence a war without providing for itself some external alliance. In a just cause, as the representative of German freedom and unity against a domestic or foreign enemy, Prussia would soon be on a level with the greatest military Powers of Europe; but an obscure and unnecessary quarrel with a German Government would only betray the weakness of the present military system.

Although it is commonly alleged that there is inextinguishable animosity between the two great German dynasties, exactly a hundred years have elapsed since Austria and Prussia were opposed in the field. The conquest of Silesia has been practically condoned, and nearly fifty years have passed since METTERNICH prevented the annexation of Saxony to Prussia. There is too much reason to fear that the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War broke up the unity of Germany for ever. After the fall of NAPOLEON, enthusiastic patriots desired once more to create a national Empire, and the head of the house of HOHENZOLLERN has generally been considered the fittest candidate for the German Crown. The offer was actually made by the Parliament of Frankfort to the brother of the present King; and the party which is represented by the Duke of SAXE COBURG still contemplates the establishment of Prussian supremacy or sovereignty. The object, however, is not to be attained by a struggle with Austria which would consume the national resources and leave Germany at the mercy of a foreign invader. Least of all would the revolution be desired if it was intended to aggrandize a sovereign without admitting the nation itself to a principal share in the management of its own affairs. In the winter of 1812, it was a question with the leaders of the rising against the French, whether the King of Prussia should be placed at the head of the great enterprise of liberation. If FREDERICK WILLIAM III. had persisted in his original intention of adhering to NAPOLEON, another chief would have been selected during the war, and in the event of victory the recreant dynasty would have been mediatized and reduced to insignificance. Whenever a successor of FREDERICK THE GREAT desires to assume the front place in Germany, he must find some occasion of representing the wishes and interests of the nation, and above all, he must not found the edifice of unity on new and unnecessary divisions.

THE HALIFAX REFORMERS.

SIR CHARLES WOOD'S speech at Halifax is, in many respects, a modest Ministerial speech. It reveals nothing; it expresses no opinion; it pledges him to no policy with respect to the future; and it is perfectly unintelligible in its references to the past. And if, in any part of it, there should be an accidental chink that might disclose to some keen-eyed opponent the inner secrets of the Cabinet, he has been careful to provide against the danger by making the whole of it so dull that even an adversary will scarcely read it through. This unsubstantial dulness is a great art. As Indian Minister, Sir CHARLES is eminently the right man in the right place. His object is to govern or misgovern India with as little interference as possible from the House of Commons; and no one but himself could be so successful in keeping the House of Commons at arms' length. The skill required for this success is peculiar, and not easily found. All the ordinary accomplishments of a brilliant debater would be thrown away in the speeches of an Indian

Secretary; and it is fair to say that Sir CHARLES WOOD is guilty of no such waste. Eloquence, dialectic skill, perspicuous statement, are precisely what an Indian Minister ought not to have if he wishes to remain unmolested by the House of Commons. Such qualities would only invite members to study the subject, and would guide them in their researches. The Indian Minister ought to fight as the cuttle-fish fights. He ought to fly, leaving the waters behind him so impenetrably and so unpleasantly turbid as both to blind and to disgust his pursuer. But the matter that issues from the sepia is clear and transparent compared to the explanations that issue from Sir CHARLES WOOD. If the report be true that Mr. LAING intends to re-enter Parliament, a conflict of considerable interest may be looked for. Mr. LAING's power of throwing light upon a subject almost equals Sir CHARLES WOOD's power of obscuring it. The Minister's fertility in dark verbiage will be tested to the utmost. Will he be left to run so great a risk? Is there no favouring Deity to snatch him up in the nick of time to an Olympus from which he may look down in pity upon the struggles of untitled men?

The only point that can be said to be of interest in the speeches that were delivered at Halifax is the reference that was made to Reform. Sir CHARLES WOOD touches on it with intelligible tenderness. To be enjoying the consideration of promises that have not been kept is a condition in which few people like to find themselves. Mr. STANSFELD is more liberal in his remarks on a subject which has furnished him with the material for some very effective speaking. But both of them have a theory intended to account for a contradiction between promise and performance, which in reality is the result of a very ordinary type of political intrigue. Both attribute the failure of Reform projects to the indifference of the country; and both impute that indifference to the engrossing interest of foreign affairs. This explanation has been repeated so often and with so much confidence that it seems almost paradoxical to doubt it. It passes for an admitted fact that our countrymen are incapable of taking an interest in two subjects at once, and that they cannot reform their own institutions if they are distracted by the efforts of any other people to do the same. The English nation, in short, is to be looked upon as personified in Mr. BABBAGE; and Reform is to be considered as an intricate calculation which cannot be worked out if Italian, or American, or Greek organ-boys are allowed to play their discordant melodies within ear-shot. This view is not very complimentary to our national character. We should not think very highly of a man who could not make up his mind to have his own doorstep swept, because his neighbours had not done scrubbing theirs. A people must be very oddly constituted which is so enthralled by the interest of reading the American telegrams two days in the week that it is wholly incapable of any political thought or action during the other five. Before we accept so unflattering an estimate of our own countrymen, it ought to be established by some sort of reference to facts. But, in truth, there are no facts whatever to give countenance to such a theory. It is a pure imagination, evolved for no other purpose than that of defending an awkward retreat from a discreditable pledge.

The first difficulty which occurs to prevent an unquestioning acceptance of this explanation is, that foreign affairs had nothing whatever to do with the miscarriage of the Reform Bill in the year 1860. It so happens that in that year both hemispheres were enjoying a somewhat exceptional interval of peace. The Italian war had ceased, and the American war had not begun. If the English people, therefore, were prevented from giving effect to their ardent desire for Reform by the distracting din of foreign affairs, we must wholly despair of the arrival of any period when their too susceptible nerves will be undisturbed. At the time when the country looked calmly on while the "Young Conservatives" were trying to count out the Reform Bill, and hustling the Radicals who ran in from their dinners to keep a House, there was no foreign change in progress of more absorbing interest than the annexation of Savoy. The second most formidable objection to the theory of distraction is, that on the only occasion in their history when the English people have shown a violent desire for a Reform of Parliament, the Continent was in a state of wide-spread disturbance. During the years 1830-32, events of considerable interest were progressing in Europe. There was war in Belgium, revolution in France, rebellion in Poland, and insurrectionary movements in many other European States. But in spite of these distractions, which came very near to their own doors, the English people did contrive to collect their minds sufficiently to commence and carry through a Reform movement against the desperate struggles

of a powerful section of the aristocracy. The theory, therefore, of the member for Halifax, that the people were too much distracted by foreign politics to care about Reform, breaks down at both ends. There was a turmoil abroad in 1831, when they pressed for Reform; and there was no turmoil abroad in 1860, when they declined it.

The case is susceptible of a much simpler interpretation. The distribution of power was sound in 1860, and unhealthy in 1831. It is now the educated minority who rule. Then it was only a narrow section of them who were the depositaries of power, and that section neither the richest nor the most cultivated class in the community. The odd fallacy into which the leaders of parties fell, a few years ago, was to generalize the isolated event of the year 1831 into a universal rule. The inferences they drew from it were, first, that a demand for a nearer approach to the Charter was a periodically recurring malady, which might be looked for at fixed intervals of time; and, secondly, that whatever the excluded classes might demand, the classes in possession would be too weak to refuse. The fact that the middle classes were outside of the pale then, and are inside it now, seems to have been looked upon as a circumstance too immaterial to be worth mention. Another curious confusion of thought was the idea, often insisted on, that it was wise spontaneously to make changes in times of calm, in order that they might not be demanded in times of trouble. It is perfectly true that great distress frequently issues in a demand, on the part of the sufferers, for some extensive political change. But you can no more avert that demand by making changes beforehand than you can prevent the inconvenience of an appetite for breakfast by eating it overnight. The wish for political change in such cases arises purely and simply out of the suffering of the moment, and has no reference whatever to the previous history or treatment of the institutions that are assailed.

Sir CHARLES WOOD's superfluous reference to so repulsive a subject was probably extorted from him by a knowledge of the confusion which it had introduced into the organization of his own party. The leaders on both sides of the House have suffered severely in the estimation of their followers by the shallow logic upon which their policy in regard to this question was built. It is only political foresight that can deserve political confidence; and in that quality the chiefs of parties have shown themselves remarkably deficient. The consequence is that an anarchy has crept into the House of Commons that has rarely been witnessed before. Except in a few great party divisions, the condition of the Children of Israel before the days of the Judges—when every man did what was right in his own eyes—has become its model. The passage of the Poaching Bill, against the Government, and in the absence of all the Opposition leaders, was a striking instance of the amount of independence to which independent members have attained; but it seems to have been only an illustration of the state of things that generally prevails. It is a fitting penance upon the leaders on both sides for the errors they have committed. But it must be especially galling to the Ministers, whom it has reduced to the indignity of receiving from Mr. BRIGHT the title of "superior clerks." The Reform intrigue that has filled so large a space in our politics for the last ten years will be forgotten in course of time, and healthier relations between leaders of parties and the rank and file of the House of Commons will return. But the "future of the Liberal party," for which Mr. STANSFELD undertakes to prescribe, will not be restored by a renewal of those illusory professions for which he "longs with unabated but tempered zeal," but in which three-fourths of his party so heartily disbelieve.

AMERICA.

IF the bloody battles at Murfreesborough terminate in a Federal defeat, the campaign in Tennessee and Mississippi will be practically decided. The telegraphic accounts, if they were interpreted according to the earlier precedents of the war, would imply a ruinous failure, inasmuch as they report an equal contest, but it must be admitted that the newspapers and the War Department have lately become more modest and more veracious. For some days, a general fear of disaster to the armies of the South-West had prevailed in Washington and in New York. Both the commanding Generals had been cut off from their bases of operation, and the Confederates were, therefore, able to force them to fight, to starve, or to surrender. General GRANT had marched southward from Cairo and Columbus, in Kentucky, crossing the entire State of Tennessee, and penetrating into Mississippi, as far as Oxford, seventy or

eighty miles to the South-East of Memphis. His supplies were drawn from Columbus, along two hundred and fifty miles of railway, and it seems that he had not established any second line of communication with the river Mississippi on his right. The Confederates had little difficulty in profiting by the obvious weakness of his position. General VAN DORN, by threatening his head-quarters, induced General GRANT to call to his aid the force which was quartered at the railway station at Holly Springs to the North of Oxford; and as soon as the movement was effected, VAN DORN pounced on the weakened garrison of Holly Springs, which surrendered with a large amount of camp equipage and stores. Almost simultaneously, the Confederates took possession of all the stations on the line, and even threatened Columbus; and it was supposed that General GRANT would be compelled to fight his way to Memphis, for the purpose of establishing there a new base of operations. He will, perhaps, have found little opposition in his retreat, as the Confederate forces have probably been concentrated for the great struggle which has since taken place in Tennessee. General ROZENCRAZ, with a powerful army, has for some time occupied Nashville, the capital of the State which is connected by railway with Louisville on the Ohio, in Kentucky. It would seem that railway communication, with all the military advantages which it secures, involves peculiar dangers, for rails can be taken up more easily than a turnpike road can be rendered impassable, and there are no parallel by-roads by which the interruption of the main highway can be remedied. The Confederate General MORGAN broke up the railway to Louisville, so as to cut off ROZENCRAZ from the North, and the Federal army was probably compelled to march southward upon the Confederate headquarters at Murfreesborough, and to risk the fortune of the campaign on a decisive battle. General JOHNSTONE has not refused to accept the challenge, and even if ROZENCRAZ is victorious, it is uncertain whether he can maintain himself in Tennessee. If the Confederates succeed, they will probably overwhelm General GRANT's force in the South-West before he has repaired his recent losses. A third contest for the possession of the important post of Vicksburg was still undecided at the date of the last accounts.

In the meantime, the hostile Governments are rivalling one another in lawless violence. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS issues an empty threat of capital punishment against General BUTLER, at the same time that Mr. LINCOLN emancipates all the slaves who are out of reach of the Federal jurisdiction. It is idle to hang or burn an offender in effigy when he cannot be caught for actual punishment; and even if it was thought expedient to denounce General BUTLER, it would have been more prudent to abstain from publishing the reasons of the measure. The charges which are urged require proof, and in some instances they concern the Government of Washington more nearly than the Confederates. If it is true that the Governor of New Orleans misused his position for the purpose of enriching himself by speculation, Mr. LINCOLN, and not Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, ought to call him to account. The North sympathizes with corrupt smartness at its own loss, and the Federal Government is responsible for the extortion which may have been practised under its authority on the inhabitants of New Orleans. The execution of MUMFORD was undoubtedly cruel; but it is doubtful whether, under the laws of war, it was a murder; for, although General BUTLER had not reached New Orleans when his victim pulled down the Federal flag, a detachment of marines from FARRAGUT's squadron was already posted in the Custom House. Whether the constructive occupation of the city was equivalent to regular possession, is a question which ought not to be decided by a summary refusal of quarter. The menace of death against General BUTLER's officers is at the same time barbarous and idle, for, as General BANKS had, at the date of the proclamation, superseded the obnoxious Governor, there were no officers to whom it could apply. It is surprising that an able ruler should threaten to exceed the license of war, when it is certain that the enemy will retaliate. The Federal Government would have murdered the crew of the first privateer which was captured, if Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS had not properly held some of his prisoners responsible for any irregular violence. It is as useless to describe General BUTLER and his officers as criminals as to call Confederate sailors lawless pirates; and the civilized world would resent the execution, by the Confederate authorities, of any prisoner of war from the army of New Orleans. That part of the Proclamation which refers to negro insurgents is more excusable, although it is probably impolitic. The monstrous project of arming the whole labouring population of the South against the whites

explains almost any deviation from the ordinary rules of war.

Mr. LINCOLN's Proclamation is more mischievous and reckless than the injudicious menaces of his adversary. As late as the meeting of Congress, he inclined to the scheme of making an amendment of the Constitution, by which slavery might be gradually and voluntarily abolished within thirty or forty years. He afterwards assured the members for the Border States that he was willing to reconsider the policy of immediate emancipation, and his confessed hesitation proved that he had not formed the decided conviction which could alone excuse or explain a violent act of usurpation. It is now declared that the slaves are for ever free in all those parts of the South where the Confederate Government still exercises uncontrolled dominion. The presence of Federal officials or generals is to serve as a guarantee to the slave-owner, and the Border States which still partially retain their allegiance to the Union are exempt from interference with their institutions. A distinction which might appear at first sight a perverse and malignant jest is explained by an almost equally paradoxical fancy on the part of the PRESIDENT that he is exercising a right of war, which, therefore, applies only to the territory of the enemy. It is true that conquerors have extensive rights, or rather unlimited powers, but would-be invaders can claim no jurisdiction over the territories which their arms have not yet reached. If NAPOLEON at Wilna had proclaimed the liberation of the Russian serfs, or if at Boulogne he had decreed that a reformed Parliament should assemble in London, he would only have been considered a blustering and wanton conspirator against the internal order of a foreign community. The right which Mr. LINCOLN affects to claim, even if it had any possible legal ground, would begin with conquest and end with the war. In confiscating property which is beyond his reach, and in abolishing the existing law of property even after the restoration of peace, the Proclamation is the most extravagant outrage on justice and common sense which has been perpetrated even during the present struggle. It is worth observing that General BANKS, acting on the instructions of a month ago, assures the people of Louisiana that they are exempt under the terms of the previous Proclamation. The PRESIDENT is not restrained even by the scruples which his more respectable subordinates assume as definite and conclusive.

The recommendation to the negro population of the South to be peaceable and laborious is rendered unmeaning by the excepted case of self-defence. Mr. LINCOLN is perfectly aware that no single slaveholder will obey his illegal commands; and he, therefore, virtually authorizes every slave to murder every master. There is no more legitimate exercise of self-defence than the resistance of compulsory interference with freedom; and, as the negro is henceforth regarded by the PRESIDENT as free, he is fully entitled to effect his own release by force. In verbally condemning the white population of the South to massacre, the Government of Washington regards with characteristic indifference the probable fate of the insurgent slaves. The ruling class has all the arms, all the intelligence, all the power of combination; and if the ignorant negroes are tempted to revolt by encouragement from the North, their defeat, if not their extermination, is inevitable. The servile war, it may be hoped, will be averted by the obvious inability of the PRESIDENT to enforce his criminal order. If, unfortunately, a rebellion should take place, the Federal Government may perhaps congratulate itself on having effected a diversion by bribing the slaves into massacre and conflagration. It must, however, be evident to Mr. LINCOLN himself that he has finally closed the door on all possibility of peaceable reunion. His defiance of the letter and spirit of the Constitution, by the admission of Western Virginia as a Sovereign State, perhaps implies the well-founded conviction that the old Federation is at an end. It will not be possible long to blind the population of the North to the hopelessness of an internecine war, conducted for the purpose of rendering peace impossible. In two months, a Democratic House of Representatives will assemble at Washington, and the opponents of the Federal Government are already holding the State offices of New York.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

THE journal which owes so much merited popularity and influence to the masterly good sense and trenchant wit of M. PREVOST PARADOL has once more provoked the delicate attentions of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR. The *Courrier du Dimanche* has now got a third and final warning, and henceforth exists from one day to another only at the pleasure of M. DE PERSIGNY. The last occasion on which it incurred

official displeasure will be fresh in the recollection of every reader who can enjoy political controversy set in a framework of graceful illustration, and seasoned with refined satire. It was the famous dialogue which so neatly dramatized the contradictions and oscillations of the EMPEROR's Italian policy that brought down on our contemporary the second *avertissement*; and, more especially, it was the concluding touch, which too effectively pictured the intelligent but puzzled dog, watching with erect ear and inquiring eye the ambiguous indications of his master's will. There was little difficulty in understanding why that most felicitous *jeu d'esprit* should have been intolerably offensive even to the Minister who once hoped to signalize his administration by "acclimatizing the habit of 'free discussion in France.'" It really was calculated to "bring 'the Imperial Government into contempt';" and as the point of the satire was a great deal too fine to be dealt with by the cumbersome and clumsy process of a judicial prosecution, the case was clearly one for the short and simple expedient provided by the law of 1852. On the present occasion, however, it is necessary to look a little below the surface in order to comprehend the provocation contained in a political argument which, on the face of it, is strictly within the limits assigned by M. DE PERSIGNY himself to legitimate and permissible discussion.

The ostensible ground of this third warning to the *Courrier du Dimanche* is frivolous to the last point of absurdity. M. PARADOL's alleged attempt to "throw discredit on the application of universal suffrage" simply consists, according to the official explanation, in an erroneous arithmetical statement on an inconsiderable point of detail; and the error, if it be an error, is one which admits of the easiest possible refutation, while it is, in any case, entirely compatible with the profoundest respect for the Imperial dynasty and government. The whole indictment against the peccant journal begins and ends with a single count. It is charged that the writer of the obnoxious article untruly asserts that, under the recent rearrangement of the electoral districts, "the department of the Eure has got four deputies instead of three, to which it has a right in virtue of the law." In other words, M. PARADOL has blundered in his figures. He has committed the egregious offence of telling his readers that the department in question "contains not more than 122,084 electors, that 'is to say, 416 less than are required to entitle it to another deputy,'" whereas "the true and official number 'is 122,905, being 405 electors more than are required 'for allotting four deputies to the department.'" That is all. This is the first time, so far as we know, even in the history of the Second Empire, that sedition has been detected in an arithmetical slip. One might have thought that, even if M. PARADOL's figures were erroneous, the mistake might have been pardoned, seeing that it is obviously reconcilable, not only with loyalty to the best of Emperors, but with a devoted zeal for the credit and well-working of the Imperial institutions. To take the trouble of pointing out a supposed error of detail in the application of universal suffrage is, in fact, rather a compliment than otherwise to universal suffrage itself. When a public writer finds a grievance in the fact that a particular department has one representative too many allotted to it, he apparently evinces a laudable sense of the value of the constitutional privileges which he conceives to be bestowed with undue liberality. If universal suffrage is a farce, and the electoral franchise a sham, it is of course quite immaterial whether a department sends four members to the Legislative Body or forty. On the hypothesis, however, that the representative institutions conferred on France by Imperial generosity are a priceless reality, the constitutional jealousy which criticizes the local distribution of electoral rights and powers is a natural and praiseworthy sentiment. To impartial observers at a distance, it may possibly appear altogether unimportant whether an Imperial nominee more or less is returned for the department of the Eure or any other department; but the Imperial Government ought surely to feel flattered rather than offended at witnessing even an exaggerated and misplaced anxiety on such a point. An official miscalculation which assigns to the free and independent electors of a given department more than their fair share of voting power certainly seems to be one of those administrative abuses which M. DE PERSIGNY's memorable circular to the Prefects specified as coming within the range of lawful and useful political discussion. It would not be easy to find a precedent in the Hanoverian epoch of English history for prohibiting or punishing the exposure of a local irregularity in the working of the electoral law.

But the ostensible ground of M. DE PERSIGNY's new quarrel with M. PARADOL and the *Courrier du Dimanche* is very far

indeed from being the real one. The offending article contained a good deal besides the alleged erroneous statement as to the numerical force of the constituency of the Eure, though it would have been highly inconvenient to the Imperial Government to go further into particulars. Perhaps M. PARADOL might even have been permitted with impunity to remark, as he does, on the singular fact that the new electoral arrangements give the department of the Seine (*i. e.* Paris), notwithstanding its notorious increase of population, one deputy less than it had before—which is certainly a very curious “application of “universal suffrage” and equal electoral districts. But his offence goes very far beyond this. He is guilty of the scandalous impropriety of offering a recommendation with reference to the management of the ballot, which, in his opinion, would conduce to the greater freedom of elections. M. PARADOL actually does not scruple to suggest that it might be advantageous to distribute *blank* voting tickets to the electors, which they might fill in with the names of the candidates of their preference, instead of issuing, as at present, printed tickets already inscribed with the names of the candidates approved by the Prefect. He has the audacity to think it possible that, if electors were left to name for themselves the men of their choice, instead of having a choice made for them by the Prefect, the ballot-urns might, in some instances, yield a more genuine expression of the electoral mind. Yet we are not sure that even the enunciation of this heresy—which, after all, concerns a mere point of administrative detail on which the law is silent—would have been thought too daring an experiment on official endurance if M. PARADOL could only have stopped there. But his wicked wit unluckily ran away with his discretion. He could not refrain from proceeding to pay a too emphatic tribute to the scrupulous, though unavailing, solicitude with which the Imperial authorities seek to obviate the natural consequences of their well-meant contrivance for saving the electors unnecessary trouble. “I know better than any one the energetic and conscientious efforts of the Government to dissipate any error on this subject. I know that by its proclamations, its placards, its mayors, its rural police, its commissaries, &c., the Government constantly declares that the electors are perfectly free to throw those (printed) tickets in the fire, and to take others. . . . I also know the pains the Government takes “to secure to Opposition candidates the unrestricted printing “of their circulars, the posting of their addresses, and the “easy and speedy distribution of their tickets.” It is only because these persevering official endeavours to secure genuine freedom of election are, unhappily, only partially successful, that M. PARADOL ventures on recommending the issue of blank tickets to be filled in by the voter himself. Here is the true sting of the article. This is the unnameable and inexpressible offence. To a delicate mind, exaggerated laudation is more distressing than any form of censure; and M. DE PERSIGNY cannot bear to have it said, in the hearing of all France, that the Imperial Government is indefatigable in its efforts to enlighten electors as to their constitutional rights and powers. Anything rather than that. It is every whit as bad as the never-to-be-forgotten picture of the docile and faithful animal, looking wistfully in its master's face to interpret and obey the faintest sign of an inscrutable purpose; and as it is no more possible to prosecute a piece of irony than to indict a simile, one and the same compendious remedy must be applied to both. We fear it is idle to deny that warning No. 3 is as well earned as its predecessors. M. PARADOL really is guilty of “throwing discredit on the application of universal suffrage.”

It is superfluous to point the moral of an incident which can only surprise those who have been simple enough to believe that freedom of election, or freedom of discussion about electoral matters, can, under any circumstances, form an element of the Imperial system. M. DE PERSIGNY was perhaps not wholly insincere when he undertook to acclimatize the habit of free discussion, the results of which had so favourably impressed him in England; but it is hopeless to contend against the incurably adverse influences of soil and atmosphere. What Napoleonism was at the beginning, that it is and will be to the end. It is not, and never was, intended that electors should elect; and political discussion which assumes that fundamental postulate of Constitutional Government, whether it take the shape of serious argument or playful irony, is inevitably proscribed as an anomaly and a nuisance. Even the most temperate and decorous criticism on an Imperial Speech is, as we have just seen in the case of the *Temps*, an unendurable piece of presumption. It would be uncandid to deny that the experiment of combining the forms of popular liberty with the fact of military absolutism has been worked with extraordinary dexterity and per-

severance, and with a solicitude to avoid unnecessary friction which might be judiciously imitated at Berlin and elsewhere. But it is an experiment which, in the nature of things, must always be very imperfectly successful. M. DE PERSIGNY judges wisely in tempering his zeal for a free press with a firm determination to maintain intact the prerogative of warning, suspending, and suppressing Opposition journals by a stroke of the pen—a prerogative which, if we may judge from the fact that it has already been thrice exercised since the beginning of the New Year, is less than ever in danger of rusting from inaction. It will be possible for Napoleonism to live without a law of *avertissements* when France ceases to produce writers who unite sense, temper, knowledge, moderation, and honesty with keen wit and manly eloquence.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAREER.

IT is impossible as yet to do more than conjecture the causes which have moved the Federal PRESIDENT to determine upon General BUTLER's recall. It may have been his crimes, and the unanimous outcry with which they have been received in Europe. If so, it is clear that the PRESIDENT's regard for the public opinion of the civilized world has received a sudden and unexplained reinforcement. Neither humanity nor self-respect, neither fear of God nor of man, have hitherto availed to draw from him one word of censure upon the hideous atrocities of TURCHIN and McNEIL. It is a more probable conjecture that the impending proclamation of President DAVIS, of which we know that he was informed, impelled him to remove a favourite officer from a perilous position in which he might have chanced to come to an unlucky end. It is more probable still that BUTLER himself, being informed of the fate that was in store for him if any misadventure should happen to the Federal arms, became anxious to retire upon his well-gilded laurels, and petitioned for a speedy relief. It is a nuisance to be hanged just when you have made your fortune. Such an explanation is more consistent with the character of the two great actors in the ignoble drama. It is in harmony with that one virtue of fidelity to his subordinates which has been more disastrous to the PRESIDENT than all his tyrannical proceedings; and it is consistent with the cowardice which might naturally be expected to complete the perfections of a tyrant so cruel as BUTLER. His apprehensions are reported to have recently risen to that point that he has been afraid to eat without a taster, or walk abroad without a body guard. If the report be true, it is likely enough that he should have urged the PRESIDENT to relieve him from a post, in his mind, so full of peril. Those who make war upon the helpless are not apt to be romantically fond of danger to themselves.

Whatever the cause of his removal may be, we may perhaps assume that it marks the limit of his career as a proconsul. It is not likely that he will be thrown out of employ. The PRESIDENT will probably find some other field for his abilities, as he did for CAMERON and POPE. But of BUTLER as the ruler of a disaffected population we have probably heard the last. His career in that capacity is now complete in itself, and is ripe to yield to us whatever moral it will bear. It is worthy of study as showing what can be done in a brief space of time by the surrender of a man's whole intellectual and moral being to the pursuit of a single end. When the war broke out, BUTLER was a Democrat; for up to that time the Democratic had been the winning side. He surveyed the crisis with an impartial eye, and satisfied himself that the tide of warlike enthusiasm was running too high to be stemmed, and that any one who wished to turn an honest penny by the events of the time must not only join the general chorus for war, but must make himself conspicuous for the energy and ferocity of his cry. General BUTLER was equal to the occasion. He shifted sides with promptitude, and became one of the foremost of the exterminating section of the Northern politicians. Even amid the copious stream of sanguinary bombast which overspread the land, the peculiar bloodthirstiness of his invectives against his former political associates attracted attention. His versatile zeal soon met with its reward. He received the command of the expedition to New Orleans. Once installed in the Government of the richest city of the Confederacy, he resolved to lose no time. Such an opportunity would probably last but a short time, and certainly would never occur again. Accordingly, he proceeded to carry out his plan for transferring the wealth of the New Orleans merchants from their pockets to his own. His system was simple and effective, yet not sufficiently open to startle the purblind conscience of Northern moralists. The first step was to frighten the population

thoroughly. By what utter contempt of all the restraints that have been imposed upon conquerors by the laws of war, or of honour, or even of common human feeling, he effected this primary object, is known from one extremity of the civilized world to the other. Brutal violence to women is peculiarly calculated to strike terror into the hearts of a subjugated people. It teaches them that they must not count on the existence of a particle of mercy, or scruple, or honour in the heart of their oppressor. It warns them, by a token which they cannot mistake, that if they offend him their suffering will know no limit but his power. It has always been the favourite resource of the worst type of tyrants. It commended itself readily to the Jacobins in France, and to General HAYNAU in Hungary. But it is the peculiar infamy of BUTLER that he applied it, not to slake the fury of a passionate fanaticism, but simply to satisfy his own avarice. However, it served his purpose well. Joined to other cruelties, it thoroughly cowed the population of New Orleans. Certain beggary, and a probable experience of the comforts of a ball and chain imprisonment in Ship Island, were, they knew, the fate of all who thwarted any of BUTLER's schemes, hidden or avowed. When terror had reduced them to a sufficient malleability, he proceeded to apply the screw. His brother, an equally worthy scion of the same noble stock, appeared upon the scene. He came in the character of a merchant, claiming no ostensible connexion with the military Governor. The branch of trade which he pursued might, in ordinary times, have seemed a futile waste of labour. It consisted in going to planters, brokers, merchants, and others, in New Orleans and its neighbourhood, and offering to take from them the goods they had in hand, at half their real value. An intimation that, if the offer was not accepted, the goods would probably be found to come within the terms of the Confiscation Act, was generally sufficient to smooth down all difficulties of negotiation. This estimable brother had other collateral sources of revenue. Under the protection of a guard of Federal soldiers, he was wont to make a raid upon the plantations, and to carry off everything, down to the mere wearing apparel, that he could find upon them. Nineteen plantations he sacked in this manner. There were pickings, too, to be had from the operation of the Confiscation Act; and just at first there were spoils to be gleaned from the houses of the wealthier residents in the city. But the tobacco, and sugar, and whisky, purchased under threats at half their value, constituted the real bulk of the mine he came there to work. He has by this time pretty well exhausted it; and it was therefore high time that the firm of BUTLER BROTHERS should retire upon the princely fortune they have laid by.

He will probably be received in the Northern States with the homage which they always pay to extraordinary excellence in the qualities in which they themselves excel. The smartness which has been able to coin the fortune of a millionaire out of the tears of outraged women and the sufferings of beggared families is a smartness which New England well may venerate. The old type of Yankee smartness, as exemplified in BARNUM, has been left far behind. Even the more recent art of CAMERON and the contractors has been outstripped. They had no grandeur in their rascality. They had not learned to surround it with the aureole of religion. They were worldly, as well as paltry sinners. BUTLER knows how to gratify the two dominant passions of New England—the love of gold, and the love of Scripture phrases. He precludes an incitement to filthy outrage by a highly moral homily, and carries off the results of six months' successful thievery with loud expressions of gratitude to God. It cannot be doubted that so typical a Northerner will speedily be advanced to high command. Who rules smart Yankees should himself be smart.

The removal of General BUTLER from New Orleans will probably rescue the Southern PRESIDENT from a formidable perplexity. It cannot be doubted that the retaliatory Proclamation which he has issued with so much apparent reluctance, and after so long a delay, was wrung from him by the importunity of those whose relatives BUTLER and his myrmidons had foully wronged. It is, no doubt, difficult for a Government to refuse to its citizens such an act of retribution, if they insist that it shall be done for them. At the same time, no necessity can be more embarrassing. No real advantage can accrue to any Government from retaliatory executions. On the other hand, they will lose it whatever indirect advantage foreign sympathy may bring. It may be fairly presumed that, General BUTLER having been withdrawn, the Proclamation will be cancelled, or at least allowed to remain a dead letter. There is no doubt that, as far as BUTLER is himself

concerned, the penalties it denounced were fully deserved, and would have been justly inflicted; but as he is no longer likely to put himself within the Southern PRESIDENT's reach, menaces of revenge are idle. The infliction of the penalty of death upon enemies who are found stirring up a servile insurrection would be a matter of course, and needs no proclamation to announce it. But the remaining portion of the document, which denounces vengeance against officers serving under General BUTLER, is hardly reconcilable with the laws of war. It is to be hoped, at all events, that threats which have apparently been uttered to appease the indignation of those who have but too good cause for it, will not be suffered practically to issue in any measures that shall stain a cause hitherto so fair. It would be unwise to arrest the European sympathy for the Confederates which the tidings of every mail are strengthening.

SPECULATION.

IT is very difficult to say whether any good effect—or, indeed, any effect at all—is produced by the warnings with which the access of a period of inflation is invariably attended. If the follies which are committed whenever a flood of speculation sets in were, to any considerable extent, attributable to ignorance on the part of the public, nothing would be more reasonable and proper than that the press should supply to the unlucky victims the information for lack of which they are supposed to be rushing to destruction. But, for the most part, those who engage in the exciting traffic of the Stock Exchange know as well as any one the hollowness of many of the schemes to which they eagerly subscribe, and the impossibility of floating more than a certain number of companies without producing, sooner or later, the inevitable collapse. A country parson who takes scrip in the Timbuctoo Mutual Banking and Life Insurance Company does so, in nine cases out of ten, without the remotest idea of holding his shares as an investment; and to tell him that the commercial position of that enlightened community is not such as to promise good interest on the capital invested, has no more deterring effect than a threat of retribution which is to fall on another man's head. What he contemplates is the sale of his shares at a premium; and as long as the market encourages this hope, it is to be feared that all the homilies in the world will fail to check the flourishing progress of company-concocters.

Within certain limits, too, the exorbitant profits known to be made by the promotion of joint-stock schemes of any kind are submitted to without complaint by the smaller fry of gamblers, who hope to share, on a modest scale, in the handsome premiums which, in easy times, are certain to reward this peculiar kind of industry. Some little shock was given to the general toleration of such operations by the recent publication of the amount of booty netted in the formation of some of the companies which have been so rapidly produced of late; but it needs much more than the rottenness of a speculation, or the rapacity of its originators, to deprive the share market of its fascinations. The mode in which a company is ordinarily got up, the motives of the active projectors, and the facility with which the public (when the fit is on it) lends itself to such transactions, are almost enough, when closely examined, to create an unconquerable disgust at the whole machinery of joint-stock enterprise. And yet what would England be without it? The sharp practice and roguery of the great railway days are now matter of history; but without the mania which culminated in 1845 the railways which cover the face of our islands would, with few exceptions, never have been made; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the bulk of the material works on which we most pride ourselves at this moment owe their existence to the spirit of gambling which periodically possesses society at large, and to the machinery by which skilful practitioners on public credulity contrive to further their projects of personal gain. With all its attendant evils, no one in these days would desire to get rid of an engine of such gigantic power as joint-stock enterprise. Is it possible to secure the immense national benefits which flow from it, and at the same time to prevent the abuses into which the system invariably runs? We are afraid that there is but small chance of so regulating the unruly spirit of speculation. If the affairs of the world were conducted with uniform wisdom and moderation, the history of the formation of joint-stock companies would be something very different from what it is. The amount of capital demanded for such undertakings would vary, of course, from year to year, according to the available surplus of the national income. The most important and promising speculations would command sub-

scribers in all except the very worst of times; and the worthless bubbles would be rejected alike, whether the Bank rate of discount were 2 or 10 per cent. But this is not at all what we see. Practically, there is but a shade of difference between the floating powers of the most stable and the crankiest of commercial ventures. For years together, perhaps, nothing that is called a Company will be looked at by the most enterprising; and then comes a sudden turn of fortune, and shares of all kinds are swallowed with an impartial voracity which does not pretend to discriminate between wholesome speculation and the wildest gambling. The prosperity of a projected Company on the Stock Exchange (which is a very different thing from its ultimate prosperity as a commercial undertaking) seems to depend almost entirely on the time when it is brought out, and scarcely at all on its intrinsic merits. The evil of this wholesale gambling is always made manifest enough by a speedy revulsion; the good of it is to be found in the fact that, without the stimulus of a tide of excitement, the best conceived enterprises would die at their birth. Balancing the whole benefit against the whole mischief, it is impossible to deny that the nation gains by the stimulus which gambling propensities supply, while it is equally certain that the unlucky dabblers in shares lose, as a class, far more than is gained by the shrewder or more fortunate speculators who come out of the turmoil with fortunes hastily acquired.

We are thoroughly convinced that it is of little use to address words of caution to those who are the main supporters of the speculation which is going on at this moment far more rapidly than the available means of the country will be able long to bear. While shares are quoted at a premium, it is in vain to preach wisdom; and yet there are special reasons why the eager subscribers to new companies should be more than commonly careful. We say nothing as to the value of the companies which are being daily manufactured. If experience may be trusted, a few will prosper, while the great majority will end in ruin. But there is one consideration which may reach the most inveterate and sagacious gamblers. We will assume that they foresee that a reaction must certainly follow on excessive inflation, and will acquit them of the folly of believing that the momentary premiums of the market represent the *bonâ fide* value of their investments. We will suppose, what is probably true in the majority of cases, that each scripholder relies on being able to escape before the revulsion comes, and to walk off with his realized premiums, leaving the burden of his shares to be borne by less astute purchasers. But there are signs in the air of changes which may make these clever calculations nugatory. A reaction almost always comes with the suddenness of a storm. The crisis may not be reached at once, but a single day may nip the promise of a buoyant market, and render all shares almost wholly unsaleable, except at a serious loss. And, for many reasons, the next reaction is likely to come more suddenly than on former occasions, and to baffle the plans of those clever operators whose only tactics are to "get out" on the first symptom of a declining market. The time chosen for the rapid concoction of new companies is most unpromising. During all the early part of the year, money was flowing rapidly into this country, trade was incapable of absorbing its usual amount, and the Bank was driven to reduce its rate of discount to an unusually low point; but the timidity of the public was not to be overcome at once, and the attempts which were made by the ever-watchful brood of projectors to feel the pulse of speculation met with little response until the state of affairs which suggested the experiments had begun to pass away. The sluggish public at last got possession of the idea that money matters were in a promising state for speculation, just at the moment when the tide had fairly turned in the opposite direction. Now money is flowing out as fast as it came in before; the cotton trade promises soon to revive, and to claim, if not its old share, still a very considerable portion, of the floating capital of the country; the rate of discount is not unlikely to rise rapidly; and when these effects are appreciated, the value of all the shares which now float so buoyantly will fall too rapidly, in all probability, to leave the holders a door of escape. At all times the risk of being overtaken by a commercial storm is more considerable than sanguine speculators believe, but at the present moment the hazard is unusually great. Without appealing to the common sense of subscribers to avoid unsound schemes—advice which those who affect to be the most knowing among them would simply laugh at—we would recommend every one who has incautiously meddled with the scrip of new companies, except for the purpose of *bonâ fide* investment in solid undertakings, to beware of the imminent danger

of being left in a falling market with nothing better in return for his hard cash than the unsaleable shares of some hopelessly insolvent concern. All is sunshine now, but if the projectors and supporters of new schemes continue their dangerous occupation, they may bring on a season of gloom which will be as fatal to their own interest as to that of the country at large.

THE EDUCATED FEW.

MR. ARNOLD, in an article published in the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, has started a subject which is in many ways worth examining. He lays down, as a fact which does not admit of dispute, that a book ought to be written either for the few or the many, and that it is the business of literary criticism to see that this canon is adhered to. He does not exactly define how wide is the field of literature to which the doctrine applies. But we may easily gather that it is principally of works of a theological, philosophical, social, or political character that he is speaking. He does not go farther than to take an instance from theology; and it is obvious that, whatever force his proposition may have, it has the greatest force in reference to theology. A theological book, he says, ought either to instruct the few to carry theological learning and thought farther than it has hitherto gone in Europe, or it ought to be edifying—to do good to simple pious people, to fall in with their way of thinking, and to encourage them to be better and more godly. In the first case, the general intellect of Europe receives a satisfaction and an impulse. In the second case, the "mass is humanized," and something is done to make the ordinary run of people happier and less savage. In both cases, the culture of Europe is promoted, and literary criticism, whose business it is to keep a watch over this culture, and require that every book shall further it, may be content to express its approval. Spinoza, and the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, both satisfied the standard of this criticism. Spinoza addressed the few, and once for all rationalized the Bible. The author of the *Imitation* has helped simple souls, in one generation or another, to feel more, to grow nearer heaven, and thus to hold a slightly higher place in the scale of civilization. But a book like Bishop Colenso's, which only tells the educated few what they knew before, and which scares and agitates the many, is a book which literary criticism altogether condemns. No one is made wiser or better by it, and culture reaps no profit from its publication. The notion which Mr. Arnold thus puts forward in a broad and decisive way is one which commends itself vaguely to many persons. They like to have strong meat offered to them, and to a few of the hardy stomachs that they consider fit for this sort of food; but they like the babes to stick to their milk. That this way of looking at things is based on some sort of justification will be obvious to any one who reflects on the matter; but whether, on the whole, it is right, is a further question, and a very important one.

The first feeling that will be excited by the proposition that the educated few ought to write to instruct each other, and leave the uneducated few to be edified, will probably be one of indignation. It seems arrogant and insulting for a few people to set themselves up for the wise of the earth, and bid all the rest of the world to rest contented with their natural folly and their unreasoning piety. Nor, perhaps, is Mr. Arnold a writer who is at much pains to avert or mitigate this indignation. But there is a great deal more than conceit or arrogance in this claim of the educated few. As a matter of fact, it is by the educated few virtually writing for each other that European literature has made much of its progress. More especially on the Continent, the sense that there was a small circle in which the greater works of the intellect were readily appreciated, and by which they were immediately criticized, acted at once as a stimulant to the mind, and as a safeguard against pretension, extravagance, and bad taste. The eighteenth century, which devoted so much of its powers to criticism, was in a high degree acted on by the influence of men who wrote as they did because Court circles and social limitations compressed the sphere which made up the world of literature for them. There are many great triumphs of European genius which owe their form, if not their existence, to the fact that they were not written for the multitude. The wit of Voltaire, for example, is entirely adapted to the tastes of a small, artificial, but highly refined and sensitive, society. It is the wit of what is technically called the world. The large and cultivated criticism, again, of Lessing and Goethe could only be understood by a set of persons trained in a special way, and prepared to look at life and man through the medium of ideas which an ignorance of languages and of ancient literature closed to all but a few. And above all the searching, the inquisitive, the reckless but honest criticism of modern Germany in the field of theology and history, is due to the existence in Germany of a learned professional set who have not to think of the world outside, and care only for what in their opinion is true, or will bring them honour among learned men. There can be no question that to write for the educated few is a most valuable help to most men who desire to arrive at speculative truth. Nothing prevents originality or activity of thought so much as the perpetual inquiry what are the probable consequences of thinking in this way or that. All men, or all men with very few exceptions, are full of moral cowardice, and they cannot think quite honestly if they have it brought before them

too strongly that they will suffer for what they write. A German theologian of ordinary ability and honesty is much more likely to desire to arrive at the truth than his equal would be in England. Therefore, to write for the educated few is an aid to intellectual honesty wherever it is possible, and the wish to make it not only possible but customary everywhere, may be fairly set down to something better than mere arrogance.

But in England it is utterly impossible to write for the educated few, and if it is at all possible to do so still on the Continent, it becomes less possible every day. As education spreads, there are not few but many who are educated, and there are many more who are half-educated. It seems reasonable to talk of addressing the few with information or argument, and leaving the many to be edified, until we come to individuals, and then we see it is wholly imaginary. Which would Mr. Arnold call the late Archbishop of Canterbury? Was he one of the few or of the many? Which ought we to call the ordinary clever woman who talks with approbation or disapprobation of the *Essays and Reviews*? If Mr. Arnold thinks that ladies of this sort will be content to be told to hold their tongues and be edified, instead of reading and talking about theology, which they cannot understand, he is very sanguine. It is not true. They can understand theology—not very much perhaps, but still far too much to be treated as Goethe would have treated a speculative burgo-master, or as Spinoza would have regarded a Dutch peasant. And they are only one instance out of many, and one link in a long chain of interminable gradation. There is the usual College don a little above them, and the usual Sunday-school teacher a little below them. All have some education, some means of understanding what is at issue in theological controversies, some power of comprehending theological argument. The only way to write really for the few is to write in a learned language, as Dr. Donaldson recently did. The objection to this is, that scarcely any one, even of the few, reads what is written, and that it is rather a poor ideal of a literature that all its most thoughtful productions should be written in a foreign tongue. There would be a something which would seem to most Englishmen very undesirable in this systematic fabrication of occult heresy.

Nor does it appear to us to be in any way the business of literary criticism to pronounce whether books ought to be written for the few or the many. All that literary criticism can do is to detect and bring to light the higher qualities of a book of merit, and to see that ordinary books come up to a fair standard. Literary criticism can pronounce whether a hymn-book is good sense, in good taste, harmonious, intelligible, or poetical. But it cannot say who ought to be made to read it, and who may be allowed to read mere intellectual compositions. It is a mere arbitrary canon, so far as literary criticism goes, to say that a book may instruct the few or edify the many. Why should not a book instruct the many and edify the few? And, if it succeeds in doing this, literary criticism has nothing to say to it. It might very well happen that things might be in such a state that a man might really improve and strengthen the more educated of his countrymen merely by setting the example of honesty, and by inspiring a belief that truth was dearer to some men than fortune or reputation. He might do this by the very process of telling the half-educated among his countrymen such truths as the educated had long known. To this Mr. Arnold replies that these half-educated people are only agitated by it, and that their agitation does not promote the culture of Europe. He may be right or wrong, but it is not by literary criticism that he can decide what will promote the culture of Europe. The only aids to that culture on which it can pass judgment are those which belong to the world of letters. It cannot possibly undertake to say whether democracy or absolutism is most favourable to European culture. It cannot say whether a man is doing most harm or good by publishing his political or theological opinions. It sounds as if Bishop Colenso has done something very formidable when we hear that he has written a book that neither instructs nor edifies as it ought, and that literary criticism condemns it. But it makes things more comfortable when we remember that, if he wrote on theology in English at all he could not possibly write only for the educated few, and that literary criticism cannot tell him or any one else whether his theology was right, or whether, if right, it was worth publishing.

Undoubtedly, the very fact that no works can now be written only for the few on any subject which interests the many, lays on writers, and especially on theological and political writers, an obligation to consider what will be the consequences of the popularity of their speculations, and what will be the amount of harm that is likely to accompany the good they hope to do. It is also unquestionable that the pressure of this obligation leads to a kind of half-honesty, and a tone of compromise, and a spirit of hazy guessing, which are very unfavourable characteristics of much of the higher literature of England. But, on the whole, a nation seems to us to gain greatly by having the general public, and not the educated few, made the tribunal which an author addresses. Culture, when it is only the culture of a few, is very superficial, and does the nation very little good. A nation in which a few clever men thought like Spinoza, and all the women and the rest of the men were edified by the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, would not come up to the ideal of a Christian and civilized State. It is hardening and deadening both to the few and many, that there should be this wide

gulf between them. It is much better that the whole nation should advance together, although it advances very slowly. Nor is it altogether a contemptible guide to truth, that speculators should be forced to inquire what truths, or seeming truths, can practically be realized in the world. We have been preserved in England from many political errors by the national habit of asking how changes will work, and this advantage ought to be set against the obstinacy with which social wrongs have often been long preserved, and against the absurdity of the arguments by which they have been defended. It is useful to the theologian to be forced to keep in mind that religious truth is valuable in proportion as it finds a place in the hearts of ordinary men. And there is, lastly, this great advantage in being obliged to address the many—that if a man is honest, and gives offence, he is able to set the good example of making a conscious sacrifice of ease and earthly comfort, and is not pampered by the indifference of the community and the admiration of a clique into foolish extravagances of inconsiderate and reckless theorizing.

DIARIES.

IT is generally taken for granted that the commencement of a new year is a peculiarly fitting occasion for serious reflection and careful self-examination; and it was probably with a laudable desire to promote this object that our ancestors in their wisdom prescribed a course of mince pies, twelfth cake, bonbons, and other unwholesome dainties, as all highly calculated to induce pensive and rigorous introspection. Those who have reverentially availed themselves of this pious and palatable discipline, and whose native hue is in consequence sicklied over with the pale cast of dyspepsia and thought, will, we think, acknowledge that the alarming multiplication of diaries offers a subject for seasonable and solemn meditation. At any rate, it is one from which at this time of the year it is not easy for the peripatetic philosopher to escape. Every stationer is obviously a believer in the great Walpolean principle that every man has his bait; and on all sides we are assailed by diaries of charms varied and seductive as those with which the wily Mokanna beset the path of Azim. For lovers of the picturesque, æsthetic cows, knee-deep in shady pools, gaze languidly through mouldering ruins at the setting sun. For the sentimental, the "Forget-me-not" diary twines the true lover's graceful knot. For the fashionable, there is the diary of "La Belle Assemblée"—words of mysterious import which the initiated doubtless comprehend. Politicians are promised a list of the members of both Houses of Parliament, a portrait of Oliver Cromwell—who must be rather astonished to find himself in such company—being thrown in, either, we presume, out of compliment to Lord Ebury, or to gratify the vindictive republicanism of some atrabilious or underpaid artist. Even the statistician is not, as we might expect, left to his own instinctive cravings for figures and dates. In the very wantonness of wealth, the artist has devised a twofold appeal to his numerical yearnings as an arithmetician, and to his loyalty as a man. On the title-page of the diary specially baited for him, Prince Alfred—selected doubtless, like Jacob, Joseph, and other younger brothers, for wise but inscrutable reasons—figures as the centre-piece of a magic circle, in which various mystic signs and symbols set forth the population of Great Britain.

Can we wonder that complaints are everywhere made that conversation is dying out of the land, and that there is in society as great a dearth of professional talkers as there is of promising young men in Parliament? This decay is usually ascribed to the vast increase of journalism. It is said that men talk less because they write more, and carefully keep back their best thoughts for a large audience, instead of wasting them upon a dozen listeners who may be hungry or half asleep. There is probably much truth in this explanation; but we take it that the increase of diaries has also a share in the matter. How can any man, sufficiently leonine to be stared at or scribbled about, possibly talk with comfort or success when he knows that half-a-dozen people are eagerly taking mental notes of his conversation, with the full intention of transferring what incoherent scraps they can carry piecemeal away to a diary which they are ready to publish on the very slightest pretext, and without the shadow of a provocation? There is an amusing instance of this appropriation in *Senary Memories of Foreign Lands*. Mrs. Stowe thought it worth while to inform the world that the first remark, or nearly the first remark, made to her at the dinner-table by a literary lion of well-deserved popularity, was, "Don't you like fun?" Now we do not wish to sit in judgment upon this excessively harmless observation, or for a moment to insinuate that it was either inapposite or absurd. In conversation everything depends upon time and place. Small beer is occasionally preferable to champagne; and, as the remark in question appears to have at once strongly prepossessed Mrs. Stowe in the funny gentleman's favour, it must be allowed to have answered one great end of dinner-table conversation, and can at least plead the merit of success. Besides, it is all very well to talk about speech being silver and silence being golden, and to say that if you have not a neat and appropriate remark ready to hand, you had better hold your tongue. But, after all, a sovereign is sometimes not half so serviceable as a sixpenny piece, and one may meet people resembling Scott's peasant boy, who preferred the familiar face of the "white siller" to the strange bit of yellow money. In certain cases, it is better to make any observation whatsoever,

not positively objectionable, than to remain silent. Suppose, for instance, you come suddenly in a crowded room upon an old enemy to whom you wish to offer the right hand of reconciliation, or upon a friend between whom and yourself some shadow of misunderstanding may exist. In a novel, you would, of course, say and do exactly the correct thing, but in real life it is just possible that your presence of mind may utterly desert you, and that the opportunity may slip away while you are in vain struggling to invent something both appropriate and neat. Under such circumstances, we conceive that it would be better to remark that your second brother's youngest child had just been vaccinated, or that your grandmother was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Spurgeon, than to preserve a grim silence which would probably mislead your enemy or wavering friend, and would certainly receive the most uncharitable interpretation from some amiable and acute observer. Or let us suppose that you have to take to dinner down a long staircase a lady whom you meet for the first time. Every conceivable view of the weather, smilingly and gratefully assented to by your hypocritical hostess, is sure to have been already advanced by successive relays of guests, variously gifted with accuracy and caloric, and you feel that it requires the skill and courage of a Leopard to plunge gracefully into the middle of the Popular Concerts, the American War, or the Lancashire Distress in the descent from the drawing-room to the dinner-table. Yet even in this short space your partner has plenty of time to arrive at the dispiriting conclusion that you are stiff or shy, and your silence may erect between you both a frozen barrier of reserve which it may, perhaps, take three courses to thaw. For immediate purposes, it would really pay better to follow Dundreary's example, and ask your partner whether her brother likes cheese, or if she can wag her left ear. But what must be the feelings of the unhappy man who has thus devotedly thrown himself into the colloquial breach, when six months afterwards he discovers, like the distinguished victim cruelly offered up to American curiosity by the ruthless Mrs. Stowe, that a remark merely intended to serve the purpose of the moment has been treasured up, and deliberately printed in cold blood by the very lady to conciliate whom the sacrifice was made, and whom he had exerted himself to the utmost to please. Is it not enough effectually to silence the roar of the boldest lion to know that, if it be his misfortune to pair off with a popular lioness who keeps a diary, he may for ten days be associated in the public mind with some feeble facetiousness about narrow staircases, exuberant crinoline, hot soup, cold fish, or fondness for fun? If it be practically impossible to secure a copyright in conversation, surely such a sufferer should be allowed to bring an action for defamation of character, and obtain heavy damages.

It is true that this trick of counting, with a view to publication, the number of hairs in a lion's mane, or the number of times in the hour he may wag his tail, is especially the weakness of our Transatlantic cousins. Still, they by no means enjoy a monopoly of the peculiarity. In vain does the noble but nervous animal congratulate himself, as he glances uneasily down the table from hostess to host, on not encountering the eager scrutiny of some dreaded diary-monger with high cheek-bones, nasal intonation, and lank hair. The grave M.P. sitting opposite him is on the point of publishing a journal faithfully kept during his yachting expedition from Chelsea to Corfu, and knows well, by long experience, how to confuse dates and places in such a manner as to drag into it anybody or anything. Or the very shy young lady at his side, all muslin and monosyllables, whom with amiable condescension he is trying to trot out, has already hit upon some such happy title for her Scarborough diary as the "Musings of a Mermaid," and, *à propos* of oysters or the Ancient Mariner, will introduce into it a minute criticism of his hair, hands, conversation, humour, eyes, and rabbit-like method of mastication. It is not easy to imagine a much simpler process for reducing all conversation in mixed society to a decorous mediocrity, in which the perfection of the art, like perfection in the art of dressing, will consist in skillfully abstaining from the display of anything which the ghost of Boswell himself could carry away.

But it may be objected that, even supposing all this to be true of the pernicious practice of publishing disguised diaries, it does not apply to the harmless habit of keeping them strictly for private use—a habit which parents and guardians delight to foster in the youthful mind—and that, therefore, even dyspeptic philosophy might find in their annual increase food, not for morose, but for cheerful meditation. With all due deference to parents and guardians, we very much doubt whether the habit of keeping diaries, as it is usually practised, is beneficial to either the youthful or the matured mind. Properly managed, it is doubtless an admirable exercise, but we fancy that the abuse is far more common than the use. Perhaps the most ordinary type of the useless diary is that which Addison has so humorously satirized in his journal of the self-satisfied citizen. Day after day people who lead the most humdrum and common-place of lives conscientiously chronicle facts of about as much importance to themselves or to their neighbours as the worthy citizen's interesting memoranda that his pudding had too many plums and no suet—that he took a pot of Mother Cob's Mild—that his nap was broken by a falling dish, from which he inferred that the cook-maid was in love and grown careless—that at one o'clock he was caught in a shower—that at three o'clock he dried and dressed himself, and that at night he dreamed he was drinking small beer with the Grand Vizier. Archbishop Laud's diary, in which he records his dreams and counts the drops of blood from his nose, is an equally

ridiculous specimen of the same kind, due allowance being made for superstition. However, such a diary, though an absurd waste of time and paper, is usually so meagre and scanty that it can at least plead the time-honoured excuse of being only a little one. Its evils increase in geometrical proportion as it is cultivated on a larger scale. One occasionally meets people who—be the weather wet or dry, the company great or small, the conversation fast or slow—devote an hour or two each day to a pre-Raphaelite description of everything they have seen, heard, or done, from breakfast to bed-time. It is painful to reflect, not merely on such a wanton sacrifice of labour and time, but on the still more serious obstacles which such a system must throw in the way of self-culture and self-development. A man who is perpetually chronicling small beer is sure, before long, to regard it as equal to the finest old bottled. The cobbler sincerely believes that there is nothing like leather, because leather is always uppermost in his thoughts; and a man who is constantly dwelling upon the petty details and trivial events of his everyday life unconsciously invests them with an importance ludicrously disproportioned to their real value, and, like the mouse in the fable, mistakes his cupboard for the world. The battle of Fredericksburg and the speech of the French Emperor are to him as nothing when compared with the sulky demeanour of his housemaid or the bibulous propensities of neighbour Hodge; and unless it be his good fortune to be thrown into the society of his superiors in education and intellect, he will be as hopelessly cut off from the usual sources of self-improvement as if he were buried in some obscure Welsh village not yet discovered by modern civilization.

We should be very sorry to attempt to lay down positive rules for the construction of a model diary. Such an attempt would be about as valuable as Mr. Turveydrop's system for turning out a gentleman in six lessons, or as the tempting treatises in which a glib public is offered for sixpence prompt initiation into all the secrets of the highly useful and agreeable art of shining in conversation. In journal-keeping, as in moral and intellectual culture, every man must ultimately be a law unto himself. But we are on the whole inclined to think that the two chief purposes which a diary may be made most usefully to subserve are, first, that of assisting a man to study his idiosyncrasy, in the language of Sydney Smith, and to ascertain with some approximation to accuracy the conditions which regulate his mental growth, and secondly, that of aiding him to acquire a general insight into character. Such self-examination need not degenerate into the vain and morbid egotism of which the sentimental diary, the silliest and dreariest of all diaries, is the natural result. Few are so fortunate as to reach manhood without contracting countless prejudices which it may take them years of patient study to outgrow. Even three or four years will sometimes entirely alter a man's point of view on subjects of the highest importance, but the change is so gradual that he is perhaps scarcely more unconscious of the earth's revolutions than of his own. There was possibly a time when he preferred Tupper to Tennyson, or shrank from the painful thought that his Roman Catholic relatives must be damned, and, if so, it is a source of honest and by no means barren self-congratulation that he is now scarce able to credit his past simplicity. Ten years hence he will probably be in the same position with regard to other views which he is now prepared stoutly to maintain. Most men have ample opportunities, suggested by reading or discussion, for briefly jotting down from time to time the chief articles of their creed, and what little trouble it may cost them will be fully repaid by the interest which they will some day feel in retracing their steps, and by the stimulus which the retrospect cannot but apply to progressive thought. The assistance which a diary may afford to the study of character is too obvious to need illustration. Let any man make a point of occasionally setting down whatever may strike him as characteristic or peculiar in the sayings and doings of those amongst whom he is thrown, and it will not take him long to accumulate sufficient data for generalizations which will materially contribute to his progress in the knowledge of human nature.

PARTIES.

WE have heard of late a good deal about the disorganization of political parties, about the relaxation of old party ties, and about the impossibility of telling Whig from Tory, Liberal from Conservative, or whatever the proper names are to be. Sometimes this is made matter of serious complaint, sometimes it rouses a kind of derision. We have been told, for instance, and doubtless with some truth, that a Liberal paper is bound to rejoice that Sir Edward Dering is member for East Kent, but that it is not clear that it would have made any practical difference if Sir Norton Knatchbull had been elected instead. This state of things is contrasted with the exciting days when all England was agog about the election of any one member anywhere. The plain fact is that, whether we like it or not, a great majority of Englishmen, though nominally divided into two hostile parties, have practically no important subject of difference. However we may explain the fact, and whether we mourn or rejoice at it, the fact is so. Of course, to men whose life is bound up in party conflicts, this seems a lamentable state of things, which it is a good work to put an end to as soon as possible by getting up a real party dispute of some sort or other. Calmer observers may be content to accept the fact, like any other fact, to try to find out the causes which have led to it, and to see what good

and what evil is likely to come of it. A state of things which has been brought about, without force or fraud, in the ordinary course of events, is pretty sure to be a state of things which is not altogether evil. We may be quite sure that this absence of party and party discipline has a good side to it. On the other hand, most things in this imperfect world have also a distinctly bad side, and the very best carry with them some degree of incidental evil. It may be worth while, then, to weigh the present state of public affairs in the balance, to see what has led to it, and what is to be said for and against it.

A political party is properly a number of men who unite in trying to obtain some political object which they hold to be for the general good of the country. They agree in wishing for some piece of legislation to be enacted, for some line of policy to be followed, and they combine to use such means as may be best adapted to carry their point. Thus far, a party need have no sort of permanence. When the common object is either gained, or becomes unmistakably impossible to be gained, the need of common action ceases, and the party may, as far as their immediate object is concerned, fall asunder. It is possible that, on the next point of controversy which arises, those who before agreed may differ, and those who before differed may agree. A new arrangement of parties would be the natural result. But a party, when once formed, has commonly a strong tendency to keep together. First of all, differences and agreements on particular points may most commonly be referred to some general principle, so that those who take the same side on one question will, oftener than not, take the same side on another. And, what is really of more importance than this, when a man has, in one struggle, acted with certain men, and against others, his feelings and passions get interested still more than his reason. His affections come to be with one side and against the other. He gets a habit of acting with A and against B, which soon grows into a habit of thinking A almost necessarily right, and B almost necessarily wrong. A permanent party thus grows up. It gets distinguished by a party name, by party badges and party watchwords. It becomes a point of honour with most men to stand by their party; for a man to desert its standard in political warfare comes to be looked on as an act of the same kind as to desert the standard of his country in a real battle. A political tradition is thus formed; sometimes it is handed on from father to son, and becomes a hereditary creed; sometimes it becomes the badge of a certain class or a certain district whose interests are, or have been, affected by the controversies raised. In a generation or two the party will consist of some really thoughtful men who adopt its principles from thorough conviction, of some unprincipled scoundrels who attach themselves to the side from which they are likely to gain most, either of wealth or of power, and of a far larger class than either—the class of men who simply follow their lead, who are in no way hypocrites, who say nothing which they do not honestly believe, but whose belief is the result of no intellectual process, and who simply say what their fathers said before them, or what it is usual to say amongst the class of people in which they find themselves.

Now, whether the existence of such parties is a good thing in itself is a question which it is perfectly idle to discuss. The simple fact is that they always have existed, and, as far as one can see, always will exist, when there is room for them. There is at least one good thing about the existence of political party in our sense—it implies the existence of liberty. Parties, such as we have described, divided from each other on some intelligible ground of political difference, and numbering intelligent and honourable men on both sides, can only exist in a free State. There may be some natives of Venetia or of Rome whose private interests lead them to wish for the prolongation of French or Austrian bondage; but such men do not form real political parties, like Guelfs and Ghibelins, Whigs and Tories, Federalists and Republicans. Wherever there are differences of opinion, and free power of expressing them—that is, in every country which is not under an absolute tyranny—political parties will be formed. And nobody condemns a man for being a member of a party, and acting as such, within certain very wide limits. The words "party spirit" are always used in a bad sense, but the word "party" itself is neutral. When we wish to mark the conduct of a party as distinctly blameworthy, we use the words "faction" and "factious." By these words we imply that the party has passed the lawful bounds of party warfare, and has been guilty of distinctly dishonest and unpatriotic conduct. Short of this, though a man is sometimes praised for "rising above party considerations," no one is blamed for being guided by them. We assume party differences as the normal condition of political life in a free State; all that we blame is the abuse, the vicious extreme, to which such differences are sometimes pushed.

In times of strong political excitement, when something of real moment is to be done or to be hindered, party organization is absolutely necessary. Once in a century or two, there may be found a man who is really above party, and to whom both sides may listen; but, short of this, for any man, in a great national struggle, to act as a detached unit, is simply throwing away his powers. This is implied in the policy of Solon, when he put a brand on the man who remained neutral in a civil commotion. A man, in such a case, must choose his side, and act as leader, subaltern, or private, according to his capacity. A man must be absurdly fastidious who, in the days of questions like Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, should stand aloof from both parties because neither party was absolutely perfect.

There could be no man who did not think that the one side was in the main right, and the other in the main wrong. If so, it was his duty, in spite of minor differences, to throw in his lot with the side with which he agreed in principle. To assert this is something very different from the immoral doctrine one so often hears, about the necessity of an "habitual sacrifice of private conviction." In the case which we have put, a man may sacrifice his crotchets, but his convictions he does not sacrifice, but maintains. If a party propose a Reform Bill with a 5*l*. franchise, the man is a fool who should oppose it, or decline to support it, because he has convinced himself that the franchise would be best fixed at 4*l*. or at 6*l*. But to go with his party in opposing a Reform Bill which in his own mind he thinks good, or in supporting one which in his own mind he thinks dangerous, is to act according to the immoral maxim of sacrificing private conviction. Nothing can ever be done unless men are willing to have their angles mutually rubbed off, to make little compromises, to give up points of detail—in short, to sacrifice everything except their convictions. So to do often requires a hard struggle, when some pet crotchet has to be given up, but every wise man will give it up rather than jeopardize a cause which he believes to be a good one. But his convictions he will not sacrifice, because it is to his convictions that he sacrifices everything else. What some politicians teach is, that a man should vote directly against his conscience in order to keep Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby in or out of office. So to do passes the lawful bounds of party warfare. It is distinctly factious, because distinctly dishonest. It is the abuse, and not the use, of party organization—it is doing evil that good may come.

The particular form which party warfare assumes in England has its good and its bad side. With us, it is a constant peaceful struggle for office. The actual holders of power may be continued indefinitely, or may be dismissed at any moment. Here lies the main difference between a constitutional monarchy and a republic of any kind. In a republic, either all power must be vested, as in Athens, in the Assembly itself, or, as in Achaia and America, the governors must be chosen for a definite time. It is probable that in the Athenian Assembly votes were commonly given with a much more single-minded regard to the merits of the question than they are with us. A vote might be hasty, passionate, prejudiced, given under the excitement of some splendid piece of oratory; but, except in the case of actual traitors, it probably always expressed the view of the public interest which the voter sincerely took at the moment. The highest magistrates were mere administrators, who might, without loss of honour or confidence, be ordered to carry out measures which they had themselves argued against. Such a system had its own peculiar dangers; but of "the habitual sacrifice of private conviction" there was no fear whatever. No one was likely to vote otherwise than according to his conviction, except rascals who could not be said to have any convictions at all. But, with us, the temptation constantly occurs to look, not so much at the measure as at the proposer of the measure—to vote for a thing if proposed by A, which would be voted against if proposed by B. If the question be one really amounting to a matter of conviction, one not merely dependent upon time and circumstances, so to vote is clearly to sacrifice private conviction in an unjustifiable way. Perpetual party contests of this sort are the bane of legislation. They almost wholly hinder that unexciting but most important kind of legislation which directly concerns the welfare of the nation, but out of which no political capital can be made. The Minister is tempted to bring in, not the measures which are essentially best, but the measures which will best strengthen his position. The private member is tempted to vote for and against measures, not because of their merits, but with a view to keep the Minister in, or to turn him out. This is the bad side of our system. But a worse state of things can easily be fancied. In America, no vote of Congress, short of an impeachment, can affect the tenure of office of the President or his Ministers. With a thoroughly honest Congress, this would take away the peculiar temptation of our Parliament. As no man's vote can turn out the Government, every man can vote directly and solely on the merits of the measures before him. But, if this temptation is taken away, a worse one is substituted. A corrupt and low-minded Congress, opposed to the President's policy, may direct its votes to annoy and thwart him, and to weaken his hands in the exercise of his lawful powers. To vote with the object of weakening a Government which cannot be turned out is something even more dishonest than voting with the avowed object of turning one out.

Again, the whole conventional system of our Constitution works well in another way. It generally brings the best men of each party to the head of their own party, and so, in turn, to the head of affairs. When we say the best men, we mean the best in a rough practical way of speaking—not necessarily those who are abstractedly the wisest or the most virtuous, but those who, on the whole, are the best capable of practically directing affairs. That the best men come to the head is mainly because our system does not allow of any formal election or "inauguration" of a party leader. The men of each party who are the best qualified to lead it gradually find their way to the head—they are gradually recognised as party chiefs, without there being one definite moment at which they pass from private citizens into rulers. They are then not exposed to the jealousies which beset a candidate for a definite presidency, and which commonly lead to the rejection of the best men on each side. What might be the result of a formal election by Parliament or Congress experience does not tell us; the experiment has been tried in particular States, but not in the government of a

whole national election system lead to the rejection of the best men on each side. What might be the result of a formal election by Parliament or Congress experience does not tell us; the experiment has been tried in particular States, but not in the government of a

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whole nation. The comparison lies between the silent, informal, gradual election by Parliament, and the direct choice of a self-constituted Convention. In ordinary times, experience shows that this latter system leads to the choice of men below the average. We say in ordinary times, because in a great crisis any community not consisting of lunatics will put its strongest men foremost. The Southern Confederacy has eminently done so; and, if the election of the Northern President had come immediately after secession, instead of immediately before it, it is impossible to believe that the reins of power would not have fallen into stronger hands than those of Abraham Lincoln. The direct election and the direct victory again leads to the doctrine of the "spoils." American experience shows that the power of deposing officials—other, of course, than strictly political officials—cannot be safely vested in an elective President.

On the whole, then, it is manifest both that political parties in general, and the particular form which they assume in our own country, have their good as well as their bad side. But it does not follow that they can be rightly galvanized into artificial life, or that an occasional lull of party warfare may not be highly useful. A time when all parties substantially agree is just the time to propose and impartially to discuss those measures of practical utility which get no hearing if proposed by either side in times when party struggles run high. Party has its use, but it also has its abuse, and it is clearly abused if differences are artificially got up purely to thwart those who are in power, and to hinder the possibility of any useful, if humdrum, legislation. We may be sure that the days of unanimity will not last for ever. Some question or other will arise which will again, fairly and honestly, group men in opposing ranks. But it is too bad if we are not allowed to reap the advantages of an exceptional state of tranquillity, merely because a few men have an insatiable hankering after office, and stick at no means whereby they may dislodge those who bar their own approach to the sweets of power.

OLD BILLS.

A MILLIONNAIRE, more accurately versed in the intricacies of figures than in those of the French language, recently entertained the French Emperor with a sumptuous fête. On reconducting his illustrious guest to the carriage, an overflowing gratitude for that Imperial condescension which had honoured him by the acceptance of an all but royal hospitality burst forth in these words:—"Sire, je ne perdrai jamais le mémoire de ce jour." No more graceful or patriarchal compliment can be paid to a guest by a host, than the assurance on his departure that the pleasure or honour of his visit will never be forgotten. But a slight misconception of the grammar or idiom of the language in which the compliment is paid may give it a questionable character. The moral titillation which any thinner-skinned guest than an Emperor may be expected to feel on being solemnly told that the memory of a day made happy by his presence will vanish with life alone, must be changed for a queer doubt whether the giver of the feast has found the company worth its salt, where the valediction takes the form of an assurance that the bill of the day's expenditure shall be kept for ever. It might indeed be argued, that the more enormous the bill, the greater is the proved value set by the person who incurs the debt upon the person for whose benefit it is incurred. But it would be a very peculiar vanity which would make a man wish to be remembered by his friends only or mainly in connexion with the sum total he had cost them. We should prefer living in the thoughts of those who have cared for us by some more solid memory than at first appears to attach to an old bill.

Indeed, the uppermost sentiment with most people about an old bill of any kind is, that such a record is a rather disagreeable skeleton of memory, which may as well be buried out of sight as soon as possible—as early, in short, as is consistent with a due regard to the statute of limitations. It is needless to say that an account which the debtor has forgotten, or believed to be paid, but which suddenly reappears as still owing, is a most disagreeable skeleton; but we speak of the harmless ghosts of actual liabilities—bills duly paid and receipted long ago. Such records are not like old letters, which may find an obvious excuse for indefinite preservation in the chance that they may interest readers of some future age in the characters or fortunes of their writers. Except for the petty and barren satisfaction which an unborn statistician may some day find in unearthing the fact that on such a day, ages back, beer was at three-pence, or wheat at forty shillings, or that gentlemen's gloves were steady at four shillings through several years of a running haberdasher's account towards the middle of the nineteenth century, such interest as an old bill possesses, where it does possess any interest at all, necessarily dies with those who were personally familiar with its details at the time when it was due. Even for them, no special pleasures of memory are likely to lurk in the character of its handwriting, as it was probably made out by the hand of an unknown clerk or shopman; and the chances are that its actual payment was not at the moment a work of pure and unmingled satisfaction. The transaction was pervaded by an undefined sense that the total amount was larger than could have been expected from the insignificance of the items, or that some of the items were dear at the money, or some others altogether unnecessary—or, in short, that the payer would be so much the richer if the bill had not been run up—which reflected a shade of dreariness upon the unoffending document, even while it was being docketed as paid and laid by. For some years afterwards it has slept an unostentatious but useful sleep in a desk or a drawer, ready for production as evi-

dence or reminder of the payment of the claim to which it refers. When the revival of that claim is barred by the judicious presumptions of the law, the superseded documentary evidence of its satisfaction might be expected to go (and in many cases undoubtedly does go) into the fire, without evoking any sentiment whatever. But old bills are frequently allowed to accumulate year after year, until at last they are found to be filling up useful space in an unwarrantable manner, and must be destroyed wholesale, lest they should turn the master of the house out of the use of all his repositories. Perhaps, even then, a hard practical man may be able to consign the dusty relics to the flames, without any feeling beyond thankfulness at the clearance of so much rubbish, or any wish to examine them anew. But if either a lurking distrust lest any memorandum which he might wish to keep may have been wrapped up among them by mistake, or an idle curiosity as to the contents of some particular paper, once tempts the bill-destroyer to look into those records of his past financial experiences before their cremation, he will need some power of self-command not to linger over them. Dry document as an old bill may be on the surface, there still is a certain dreamy suggestiveness, and sometimes a vividness of detail which will act very strongly upon the imagination, inherent in *le mémoire* of a day that is long gone by.

It must not be only by the intervening tale of years, but by the character of the events which those years have brought with them, that the bill should seem a thing of the past. The person who ran up and paid the bill years ago must since then be appreciably changed or modified in feelings and circumstances when he reperuses it before burning, or he burns it too soon. Not only must he be changed, but he must be so far changed as to be able to look from afar with a kind of affectionate parental interest upon his former self. A big schoolboy, for instance, suddenly brought face to face with an old bill for the lollipops of his earliest school-years (if those simple accounts were ever kept except upon a slate), would probably feel nothing but contempt for the greedy little monster that was capable of consuming such a mass of sugary nastiness. It is not until the bull's-eyes, and the usher's cane, and the turtlets, and the long rope of our private school-days have been fused by time into a dim harmonious picture, that we can look with a humorous and charitable sympathy upon records which revive in detail the outworn caprices of our little selves. And through all the successive phases of academical existence at school and college there is too strong a sense of continuity to allow of that disinterested and genuinely critical interest in such reflections of a former state, which springs up naturally in most men at a later period of life. The young Master of Arts, who has recently paid off the outstanding accounts of his undergraduateship, is still in too close mental proximity to that platform of an artificial system for the maintenance of University tradesmen which was called his educational career, to look with amused and impartial serenity on his own ludicrous example of the method in which English youths spend their own and their fathers' moneys. Bills for oceans of undrunk coffee and columns of untasted muffins, for gorgeous dishes of uneatables spread out at wine-party after wine-party in the exclusive interest of retailing gyps and bedmakers, for hacks and dog-carts innumerable, and generally for all possible unnecessary commodities and amusements at unheard-of prices, represent to the repentant or philosophical young M.A. as he ties them up and puts them by, nothing but hard facts connected with his balance, and the familiar forms of his oldest duns not long since lying in wait about the staircase of his college rooms. Let them sleep in a pigeon-hole for a few years, and the cruel mathematical hardness of the figures will have softened down and faded away, while the halo of memory will grow bright about the dates and details of the items. That bill for the coffee and muffins of youth will bring back to its middle-aged possessor the evening to which they were a conventional accompaniment, spent in subtle and enthusiastic discussion of politics or philosophy, interchanged with sparkles of happy boyish wit or bursts of light-hearted frolic such as middle life seldom effervesces in. This dirty stableman's paper recalls the last ride with our friend A., who won a Victoria Cross in the Crimea, and was killed in the Indian mutiny. That supper-bill calls up the night when X., who is now a decorous young bishop, acted that extempore charade which nearly killed all his friends with laughing; how Z. did this, and Y. said that (and what is become of Y. and Z. since they were last heard of in the Rocky Mountains?)—and so on, for as long a time as can be rightly spared from current interests to reviving half obliterated sympathies and recollections. It is not wise to dwell too constantly or too frequently upon such refreshers of memory, any more than it is wise habitually to fill a diary with a voluble transcript of all the fitting sentiments of a man's inner mind from day to day. But a certain proportion of retrospective meditation is now and then a profitable employment, as is a not unlimited habit of introspective moralizing. In so far as old bills, and documents of similar character, are a help in stimulating the memory to retrace a more vivid picture of the past by recalling the pegs of fact upon which the various strings of thought may be hung, they are not without a definite use and meaning, even when their existence is superfluous for any other purpose. Not that, even for this use, they should be preserved for ever. Their flavour and colour vanish, in the end, like the good qualities of over-kept wine. It is well to keep them undisturbed until they reflect a former state of life and feeling from afar in the manner described, then to read and digest them, and burn them at once. If they are hoarded up after

once refreshing the memory of later life, the sentiment attached to them, and the unity of the pictures derived from them, will only be frittered away. When a middle-aged man has once thoroughly ruminated over his old bills, he is in a position from which two courses are open to him. He may imitate Goethe, and write a pseudo-memoir by piecing together the second-hand reminiscences of his earlier life, or he may leave it alone. Probably the second course may, in most cases, be the wiser.

Of all the old papers of this class which reappear unawares, the most interesting are perhaps precisely those in regard of which it is most difficult to assign any intelligible reason for their ever having been preserved at all. Such are, for instance, the hotel bills and other accounts of our early travels abroad, which were clearly never to be needed again as vouchers of payments made by an English bird of passage to the various landlords or head-waiters upon his road from Boulogne to the other extreme of the habitable world. The first passport with which a free Briton was *muni*, in the infancy of his Continental voyaging, cannot but be a curious memorial to him ever afterwards, with all its needless variety of sanded visas in record of so many obnoxious frontiers, and so much vexation from corruptible or incorruptible douaniers. But the old hotel bill, with its little details of dinners and liquors and *valets de place*, and commissions, and carriages to the theatres and round the lions of the locality, rolls up the curtain of the past more thoroughly, and revives more at large the strong first impressions of the novelties of foreign ways, which succeeding journeys had blurred into commonplace in the mind. The mere fact that on such a day your party at dinner was noted in your old hotel bill as numbering one or two more than usual, may drop a light on some forgotten incident which you can now trace as having coloured the whole of your life since. Sometimes the habits and even the characters of those who were travelling with you, and who now are no more, will be brought back to the mind with indescribable subtlety and pathos by the details of such a paper. Another similar record may mark the moment in which your former self took a sudden plunge into a new and strange career. Whether the details of youth to which these old leaves recall you were trivial or eventful in themselves, it is almost certain that they will be found to have been impressed upon the mind more vividly than the analogous incidents of some years later; and it is partly from the greater coherence attached to the little things of early life by the more perfect sensitiveness of the memory which received their impressions, that the interest of the items of such old remembrancers arises.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.

THE enormous military resources which the present war in America has developed in the Northern States, and the numbers, far exceeding those engaged in any previous civilized war, which have been brought into the field, must have led not only military men, but also civilians to interest themselves in the organization of those masses, and to endeavour, if possible, to account for the almost incessant reverses which the Federal armies have met with. To do this, the organization of the army must be understood, and to a certain degree the constitution of the Government, which has had a material influence on it. Two years ago, before the civil war broke out, the whole army of the United States, cavalry and infantry, consisted of about fifteen thousand men, scattered, for the most part, in small detachments on the Indian frontier. The whole of their field artillery consisted of two batteries. This army was recruited principally from the German and Irish population. But few native Americans or Englishmen enlisted into its ranks. The officers were composed almost entirely of those who had graduated at West Point, the military school of the United States. The greater proportion of these officers were natives of the Southern States; and this arose partly from the appointments to West Point having been in the hands of the Government, of which the South usually furnished the leading men, and partly because the profession of arms had been long looked on in the South as one befitting a gentleman, whereas in the North it was regarded as unremunerative and useless. The tendency of all education in the North has been to lead men to value what is palpably material, such as the acquirement of money and prosperity, rather than to cultivate those faculties which lead to a desire of honour, military fame, and the exercise of self-denial. As the time approached when the prospect of a civil war was foreseen as imminent, the question as to which side the officers of the regular army would take became much discussed among themselves. It ended in the larger number of those born in the South taking that side. Thus the Northern States were deprived of about half the officers of the small existing army. That is, they had the officers for about 7,000 men, from which to select commanders for their newly raised army of 600,000. These men, even as low in rank as captains and lieutenants, were at once chosen to take command of the vast army of volunteers which was raised. How could officers of that rank at once enter into the duties involved in such commands? They had also another disadvantage. The tendency of Indian warfare has been to make good partisan leaders, but few officers had, previously to this war, any opportunity of seeing masses of troops together. Their only military traditions, as a regular army, were those of the Mexican campaign. The privates of the old regular army in general remained with the North—the Southern officers having, from feelings of honour, refrained from influencing them.

After the attack on Fort Sumpter, which at once roused the North, the Governors of States set to work to raise an army of volunteers, choosing generally as the leaders of those troops officers of the old regular army. Thus McClellan was selected, also McDowell, Burnside, and many others. The battle of Bull's Run partially convinced the North that mere masses of men were not soldiers; and McClellan, having been placed in command, set to work to organize an army, and withstood, with great moral courage, the popular cry which tried to force him to act offensively before the army was disciplined. And now see what was the task he had undertaken. Before him, guarded by the redoubts of Washington, lay a huge mass of men, furnished with all the materials of war in profusion, armed as no army of that size ever was armed before, provisioned to excess, provided with the newest and most effective artillery, which in number exceeded any calculation formed on European standards. Behind him was a vain-glorious nation, smarting under recent disgrace, anxious to retrieve it, and totally ignorant of the commonest principles of war. What is the phrase so common in the mouths of Northern men? "We are bound to whip the South; we have twenty-one millions to their eight millions of whites; we have the best artillery in the world; look, Sir, at our army—the army is provided with everything, and must succeed." But the old remark of Herodotus, which he applied to the Persians, was applicable to that army—there were many men and few soldiers. Still, McClellan worked on, and his first task was to weed out the bad officers. For this purpose he established an examination to test their efficiency, and, from that and other causes, 310 officers of volunteers were dismissed from the Federal army before the campaign of April 1861. The appointment to commissions in the Northern army had been generally under the patronage of the Governors of States, and most unfit men had in many cases been chosen. Publicans, clerks, and shopkeepers were suddenly elevated to military command, and fully proved by their conduct what a European would have expected of them. And here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to remark on the unwelcome condition of such a democracy as America. Where were officers to be found for so large an army? Where were those men who in European countries, in time of danger, come at once to the front? The boasted equality of a republic proved their source of weakness. There were no men who, by their training from boyhood, were accustomed to command—no men who had acquired tact and the habit of enforcing orders from the everyday management of properties and the ordinary duties of country gentlemen. The privates of the army were superior in intelligence to those of a European army, education in the States being more diffused than in Europe; but for that reason they required better and more highly educated officers to obtain their confidence, and these were not to be found. The privates and the generals were nearly equal both in intelligence and education—excepting, of course, the few trained officers of the old regular army. Then came the difficulty of organizing a staff. England found in the Crimea the difficulties of at once, after a long peace, forming a staff for its small army; but in the States there are no men even among the educated officers who understand staff duties. The native intelligence of the American did much, but there was no established chain of responsibility. Portions of the staff of the army worked well; but, as a whole, there was no unity. The business habits attributed to the Americans seem to fail when combined with military duties, the work of the several offices being carried on, with some exceptions, in a haphazard conversational manner, with a fine disregard to red tape and system.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to refer to the great influence which the political government of the country has exercised on the army. When the war first broke out, the North was divided into two great parties, Democrats and Republicans. To the former nearly all the officers of the old army belonged. The new army of Volunteers was composed of a large number of Germans and Irish, who frequently enlisted merely for the sake of their pay, and also of a large class of men who really entered the army and gave up their homes and comforts from patriotic motives. A large proportion of the Democratic party were among this latter class. These men believed that they were fighting for the Constitution, and although many hated the Abolitionists or Ultra-republicans more than they did the Southerners, yet, from conscientious motives, they performed their duty. What is now the feeling of these men? They find that President Lincoln has broken through the Constitution, and is prepared to do so to a greater extent. They find that they are involved in a war for Abolition, and that, for the sake of that object, their country is fast going to ruin. Can they fight with any spirit in a cause they detest? Can they fight for such a Government as that assembled at Washington? No one, unless he has investigated the matter, can have any idea of the corruption existing even among high officials. Such, however, is the case, and must be so if a country admires smartness more than honesty. The army is also affected by politics in another way. Officers know that political influence will gain them promotion more rapidly than military qualifications. They know that a recommendation from a member of Congress is of more value than one from the general commanding the army, and, therefore, they look to Washington for promotion, not to the field of battle. A striking instance of the effect of political interference was shown in the peninsular campaign of General McClellan. For gross misconduct before the enemy, General McClellan ordered a regiment to be disbanded and their names to be published as discharged from the army in disgrace. The Governor of the State from which this regiment was raised took

the matter up, and obtained an order from Washington to General McClellan to discharge these men honourably. The General felt that the bad effect this rescinding of his order would have on his army would be greater than the loss of ten thousand men.

Having now hastily glanced over the composition of the Northern army, a consideration of the details of its organization may be interesting. The whole army is divided into departmental commands. Its base of operations may be said to extend from the mouth of the Potomac to the west of Arkansas, about 1500 miles. These armies are subdivided into corps, the corps into divisions, the divisions into brigades, and the brigades into regiments. The numerical strength of the regiments is generally from 1000 to 1200 men. There are usually twenty-three regiments in a brigade, three brigades in a division, and two or three divisions in a *corps d'armée*, and from three to five *corps d'armée* in an army. But from the time an army takes the field, its numbers commence to decrease in a far greater ratio than those of a European army. A regiment in the Northern States takes the field entire, leaving no recruiting or dépôt establishments at home. Consequently, from various causes, such as the casualties of war, the frequent desertions, the laxity of discipline, which allows men to obtain sick furlough without cause, the number of men in the regiment quickly decreases. The General demands reinforcements, and fresh regiments are sent to him. The fresh regiments arrive as raw recruits, and the benefit of the remaining seasoned soldiers of the older regiments is lost. Why is this done? may naturally be asked. The answer is, that unless the Governor of the State has the power of exercising fresh patronage in the way of appointing officers, the men cannot be procured. Now, as regards the senior officers of the army, where the generals have been trained at West Point, their qualities as honourable soldiers may be taken for granted. But very few—in fact, scarcely any—have had any previous training for high command. Therefore, the most egregious blunders are often committed. As an instance—at one of the battles of the York Town peninsula, reinforcements were continually forwarded to the General in command by General McClellan. These reinforcements arrived in divisions and brigades, with their proper generals and staff, but the General in command sent them to fill up the gap in his line by detached regiments, thereby neutralizing the whole of their division or brigade organization—a result which became apparent when the confusion of a repulse ending in a defeat took place. To anyone who reads the evidence given at courts-martial, so frequent at Washington, the ignorance of the generals must be most apparent. General McClellan is by far the best man the North possesses—he is a good soldier, and a most honourable gentleman. As a strategist, there may be differences of opinion as to his abilities; but of the first two qualifications, there can be no doubt. The staff, as we have before mentioned, is defective. Instances have occurred in which the personal aides of the General in command have been sent to ascertain the localities of corps, and even their arrival at their destination, returns not having been sent in. In fact, the want of a regular transmission of most important returns is a common complaint among the heads of departments. It seems not to be understood that it is the want of red tape that causes confusion, not its superabundance.

With regard to the regimental system, there is a universal complaint of the scarcity of good regimental officers, and the late frauds on the Government show that swindlers have even obtained commissions conferring high rank. The private soldiers appear very easily disciplined, and ready to obey cheerfully any man at all competent to command, many regiments evincing by their conduct the good qualities of their colonels. But even in the regulations of the old United States army, not one line is given to the interior economy of regiments, and the system of punishments by commanding officers is illegal, and consequently most arbitrary. The men are overladen with provisions, although the inefficiency with which details are managed leads sometimes to scarcity. The *matériel* of the army is too great—the soldier is taught to consider things as necessary which ought to be superfluities. In fact, one great fault lies in this—that too much importance is attached to the *matériel*, too little to the *personnel* of the army. The artillery is too numerous, upwards of three guns to a thousand men being the usual calculation. Too much importance is attached to the artillery. In fact, generals will often not move their troops, unless the whole of their artillery accompany them; consequently, as the country where the operations of this war have been carried on is frequently almost impassable for artillery, and so thickly covered with forest as to render its fire nearly useless, great opportunities for offensive movements have been neglected. The smooth-bored guns are preferred to the rifled cannon, as being more adapted for use in a forest country, and more easily served by inexperienced artillerymen. The amount of baggage and stores required for the troops is far too large, and consequently the armies are immovable unless supplied by either water transport or railroads. The want of good cavalry in the North is much felt. The Northern Americans are not a horse-riding people, and consequently their cavalry is the most inefficient branch of their service. The engineering department is well carried out, the regular engineer officers being often most effectively assisted by volunteers from other branches of the service. The American armies are, however, too fond of entrenching themselves. They appear to have begun the war on the principle of making an omelette without breaking eggs. They hoped to gain battles by artillery and long-range rifles, and to save the men. The consequence is, that the war has been protracted, the battles are most indecisive, or

usually result in defeat. In fact, the Northern troops have seldom been successful unless accompanied by their gunboats. The fatigue work of the army is most efficiently performed, and the amount of labour employed in the formation of roads, cutting down trees, throwing up works, is wonderful. The hospital arrangements appear to be conducted fairly well; but the supply of ambulances is small. The conduct in camp of the soldiers is very good, and under General McClellan the behaviour to the inhabitants most creditable to the troops. As an instance, the army of the Potomac entered Williamsburg after the battle of that name. The inhabitants expressed openly Secession opinions, and yet no crime was committed. What the American troops want is dash. They are too slow, not wanting in courage, but wanting in enterprise. In fact, there is little military feeling among the people, and they have not condescended to adopt European principles. Success is too apt to elevate them, and disaster to depress them. In disaster, the advantage of military training was amply shown when the West Point and the European officers came to the front. Where Volunteer officers signally failed, the French Princes by their gallant conduct fully proved that the old European notion of noble blood is not a fallacy. There is one point more which in this hasty sketch should be noticed, and that is, the invariable kindness shown to English officers—not only courtesy, but the most marked kindness—a kindness which those who have experienced it will not forget.

In summing up the causes which have led to the disasters of the armies of the Northern States, the following may be safely taken as the principal ones:—1. The absence of a military spirit among the people, arising partly from their education. 2. The want of a class of men who can furnish officers. 3. The deficiency in any strong feeling for the cause in which the people are fighting, which is the only possible remedy for the necessary deficiency in the training and discipline of the troops. 4. The shameful conduct of the Government assembled at Washington. There are many useful lessons which England and Europe may learn from the reverses of Northern armies, and from the failure of their institutions; and no sensible man can visit America without returning strongly opposed to democracy, and fully resolved to resist the slightest tendency towards it.

THE PERILS OF THE STREETS.

WHEN we have got the glazier in to replace the broken pane in the drawing-room window, we may as well keep him till he has mended the cracked one in the kitchen. If it is clearly necessary to re-paper the house, we may just as well have the ceilings whitewashed at the same time. The same shifting of furniture, lifting of carpets, and turning of things topsy-turvy, will do for both operations. We need not multiply instances. Any one familiar with domestic economy can supply plenty of examples to illustrate the general principle that, when we are about any large measure of reform, it is a good opportunity for clearing off such minor abuses as may not be of sufficient importance to demand special correction. We are now, it is to be hoped, on the eve of a reform in the matter of the insecurity of life, limb, and property, in the streets. It is clear the public will not stand being knocked down any longer. Besides which, a belief is every day gaining ground that the present is not a creditable state of things. When mild gentlemen are taking to hitting other mild gentlemen on the head for asking their way on a foggy night; when foot passengers are driven to take the middle of the street; when peaceful umbrella shops bristle with sword sticks, and murderous implements, humorously called life-preservers; when a cheerful story-teller like Mrs. Gaskell is impelled to give "A Dark Night's Work" as a seasonable tale for Christmas times, we feel that our proud boasts about liberty, personal safety, and respect for law are not so well founded as we could wish. Wherever we took our trips abroad, with what complacency we used to regard the gendarmes, and commissaires, and sergents-de-ville, and other machinery for preserving order, of which we had no need; and, when we caught a foreigner, with what pride we used to take him down to the Derby, and say, "There, my friend! there's the way we do it. There's a quarter of a million of people, and only a handful of police to keep the course clear." All that has been knocked on the head by the garotters, and we must be content to hold our tongues until London after nightfall has been made at least as safe to the traveller as Central Africa.

It is evident, therefore, that something must be done, though what the something is to be is a matter not yet quite settled. Pending that settlement, we may venture to suggest that, whatever may be the nature of the reform, it ought to be made as far as possible complete. Bludgeons and knuckle-dusters are not the only dangers of the streets. There are many others which beset the path of the wayfarer in London, and which the authorities might just as well have an eye to while they are about it. We do not speak of the ordinary risks to life and limb entailed by the legitimate business of a great city. If people do not wish to be pulverized by Pickford's vans or impaled by omnibus poles, they must keep a look-out for themselves at long crossings. Nor can they expect anything more than a reasonable amount of care on the part of the licensed victualler to prevent them from tumbling into his cellar when open for the purpose of taking in beer and spirits. In one of Maxwell's novels, it is true, a publican is, if we remember rightly, held responsible for the death of an inebriated

adjutant who broke his neck in this way, on the ground that no man was justified in opening his cellar when there was "a drinking regiment quartered in the town." But London is not Athlone, and the present age, it is to be feared, does not take so liberal a view of the rights of intoxication. The perils to which we refer are those from which no care on the part of the passenger can save him, and which, at the same time, might be easily abated without any excessive interference with anybody's rights or liberties. For instance, it would not in the least impede the progress of the Early Closing Movement if its supporters were induced, or compelled, to do their closing more gently. On the contrary, we believe the public would look with a more favourable eye upon the early closers if they were not in the habit—as unfortunately they are—of shooting up shop shutters suddenly among its legs as it walks over their gratings. Every accurate observer must have remarked that those establishments which carry out the principle in its full integrity do not, as a general rule, avail themselves of the results of mechanical science for shutting up their windows, but—no doubt with a view of bringing their doctrine home to the public mind—still adhere to the old form of shutter, which is projected upwards by manual force from the cellar just at the period of the afternoon when the pavement is in its most crowded state. It would be a waste of argument to prove that such a practice is inconvenient, or that it is unpleasant to be suddenly elevated above the heads of the crowd like the fairy who does the beneficent department at the end of a pantomime—with this difference, however, that any words you let drop do not fall in the form of blessings. We need only take a case—highly probable at this season—to demonstrate mathematically the possible consequences of this reckless proceeding. Let A. be an elderly gentleman looking into a shop window, say in search of a seasonable present for his grandchildren, and B. a shop-shutter rising briskly through the grating on which he stands. Now, if B. strikes A., and the point of impact is below the centre of gravity, it is clear that A. must be tilted forward through the window into the middle of the doll's dinner-service he was examining. Surely so distressing a spectacle ought to be made impossible.

Perambulators and crinolines, though undoubtedly among the minor perils of the streets, are scarcely subjects for legislation. We cannot expect Sir George Grey to come forward and solve the question which has been so long agitating the popular mind as to the possibility of "doubling up" the former engines; and with respect to crinoline, every one who has observed the triumphant way in which lovely woman sets police regulations at defiance on all public occasions, will admit there would be very little use in restrictive measures as applied to her. But there is no reason why we should submit to male crinolines, as, with reference to their powers of annoyance, we may call those double boards somewhat in the fashion of a herald's tabard, now so much worn by walking advertisers. If we object to an apparatus of hoops carried by her who doubles our joys and divides our sorrows, how shall we regard an inflexible wooden garment with obtrusive edges and angles on the person of an ill-favoured and elderly instance of the opposite sex? Perhaps a smart appeal to the shins may be an appropriate reminder of the existence of the "Sydenham Trouser;" but we cannot think it is the right way of recommending Mr. Sims Reeves and "Israel in Egypt," having a tendency to make the sufferer wish that Mr. Sims Reeves and Israel were in Egypt, or further. But even if this mode of advertising were perfectly decent, even if it did not tend to impede locomotion, and to inflict personal injury, its cruelty would furnish sufficient grounds for abolishing it. Are we, who have done away with climbing boys and drawing dogs, to tolerate the degrading exhibition of these staggering men in our streets? London hardly affords a more touching sight than one of these unfortunate creatures beating up the Strand in a stiff gale. At one moment he is scudding before the wind, spreading confusion among the passengers about him; at another he is taken aback, and becomes an obstruction, sworn at by the profane vulgar, thrust at by umbrellas, poked at by the poles of vehicles. The only consolation he has in life is that they cannot hurt him. If he attempts to bear up and run for a friendly archway as for a harbour of refuge, he only makes matters worse, for if he misses stays in wearing, the wind works its wicked will with him, and the boards flap and belabour his wretched carcase like the wings of some ravenous bird of prey. Amid all this palpable misery the fiction is kept up that he is a cheerful individual, and that—at least, so say the placards—he has "seen *Peep o' Day* and wants to see it again." Sometimes a dozen or so go in single file, commanded by a tough and seasoned old walking advertisement, who manoeuvres his men among the crowd at a rapid shuffle. In this case the rear is generally brought up by an asthmatic or shortlegged *Peep o' Day*, for whom the pace is too severe, and who, while he advertises his employer, puffs himself, and runs against you just as you are congratulating yourself on having escaped without any casualty. Bad as these are, they are scarcely so dangerous on the whole as the men who carry boards fixed to the end of long poles, with which, in their struggles to preserve their perpendicular in gusty weather, they occasionally stir up the public on the footpath. Surely there is room for reform here. With the vast expanses of dead wall and hoarding that London offers, there is room for advertisers to dilate upon their own merits at sufficient length; and our streets are not yet wide enough or clear enough to afford any unnecessary obstructions.

But, perhaps, the most prolific source of danger to the pedestrian,

and the one most difficult to deal with is the street boy. We cannot here go into the natural history of this variety of the human animal. Should it appear necessary to return to this subject on a future occasion, we may do so; but for the present the reader must be content to receive as axioms what, with more space, we could have proved by argument, and appeals to experience and observation—viz. that the street boy is the natural enemy of adult man, and that it is to him a condition of existence to defy the laws of society and elude the policeman. The better to carry out the great purpose of his life, in choosing, not merely his sports and pastimes, but even his industrial occupations, he is always guided by the amount of annoyance he will be enabled to inflict upon his senior fellow-creatures. It is for this reason that we find him, even when comparatively reclaimed, specially affecting such employments as furnish him with an opportunity for giving loud and sudden knocks, uttering shrill and startling cries, delivering irritating messages—such vocations as those of the youth who brings the newspaper, the printer's boy, the telegraph-office lad. In the streets his ingenuity is chiefly displayed in the way he carries awkward articles entrusted to him. Everyone with a knowledge of boy-nature knows that if you wish to send, from one end of London to the other, anything inconveniently shaped and difficult to manage in a crowd—say a small ladder, or a curtain-pole, or a few yards of gas-tubing, or a pair of gigshafts—you can always get a boy to carry it for a trifling remuneration, if not for nothing. The facilities which the task affords for exasperating mankind, by poking it in the ribs and stomach, are to him more than gold or silver. On these occasions, and indeed whatever may be the nature and form of the burden, be it tray, basket, or parcel, his philosophy has taught him that the maximum of pain to the world and pleasure to himself may be secured by carrying his load on his head and resolutely keeping his hands in his pockets. The advantages of this precaution are twofold. In the first place, the position of the article is more favourable for the infliction of injury, and there is more pleasing variety and chance about its evolutions than when carried in the hand; and secondly, there is the prospect that in some lucky collision it may fall on somebody's toes, or at any rate receive some damage itself; for the destruction of property always has a soothing effect on the street-boy's mind.

In his amusements he is governed by the same principles. Whatever may be the laws of any game he plays at, its great end is to bring him into collision with civilized man. One of these, as far as its conditions can be guessed at by the uninitiated, seems to be a sort of human skittles. It is played by a number of boys who retire up an archway, or alley, or round a corner, in the neighbourhood of some crowded thoroughfare, and then, on a given signal, rush forth, as from an ambush, into the very thick of the passers-by. Owing to the well-known hardness of boyhood's skull, the effect is generally striking, and is heightened by the player assuming that he is the injured party, and paying ironical compliments to his victim's eyesight and circumspection. The present taste for athletic exercises and acrobatic performances has produced a modification of this game, played by urchins who turn over and throw "cart-wheels," and go through a variety of gymnastic feats among the legs of Her Majesty's subjects. It is a fiction with them that they do so for halfpence thrown by passengers on omnibuses. But no stimulus of this sort is required; the satisfaction derived from tripping people up, knocking against them, and dirtying their coats, is quite sufficient. In summer, when active exercise is less necessary to his health and enjoyment, he amuses himself with certain toys made with a view to the production of discomfort. These are generally sold in the public streets by a fiend in human form (most likely a grown-up street-boy), and come in and go out and vary in principle and construction, just as the shapes of bonnets do. The last fashion—it was very much in vogue during the past summer—was a ball attached to an india-rubber string, and intended to be thrown at the countenance of any person who appeared to be sufficiently nervous for the purposes of the game. The string did not allow it to hit him, and the joke was to see him needlessly jerk his head back and bring it into contact with a lamp-post or the head of somebody else. There is one toy which never seems to go out of fashion, its peculiarly aggravating properties having secured it an undying popularity. We need scarcely say we allude to the cat, more fully called the "tip-cat," which may always be seen flying about quiet streets in fine weather. To walk up a narrow passage like St. Martin's Court, when there is a youth engaged in this pastime at the farther end, requires considerably more nerve than to storm a battery, for it is by no means a case in which "momento citamors venit aut victoria laeta." With the characteristic cruelty of his species he keeps you in suspense as long as he can, and as you advance towards him, makes many "offers" and misses before he blinds you with his abominable little missile. Persons belonging to the class described by the poet, as "Thim genteels who ride on wheels," may make light of such dangers, but all who go on foot in this great city of London know how real they are; and although those who take a high and lofty view of the purposes of literature may affect to consider such matters as not worthy the attention of the press, we are of opinion that we are only doing our duty in bringing before the Public Eye a subject so nearly concerning the safety of that important organ.

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LANCASHIRE.

THE present state of the seat of the cotton manufacture, disastrous as it is, presents some features which are far from discouraging. It is but too true that a large and industrious population has suddenly been overtaken by an undeserved calamity. Where, a few months ago, cities and towns were alive with the busy hum of industry, there is now a universal stagnation of trade and employment. In spite of outdoor relief and the charity which the whole country has so nobly exercised in behalf of suffering thousands, it is but too evident that there exists a widely-spread and most deplorable distress. But the anguish and misery which have overtaken this multitude of work-people have been endured with a patience and heroism which are above all praise. Infinite honour is but the due of those who have displayed such noble qualities in the bitter hour of trial. In spite of destitution almost universal among them, it is certain that there has been no increase of crime in the districts most severely visited. There have been no indications of any disposition to break the law, there have been no seditious assemblies of starving men, and no destruction of property. There are fewer soldiers stationed in the county than at any previous period during the last hundred years, the magistrates entertain no apprehension for the preservation of the peace, the owners of property appear to feel themselves in a state of perfect security. On one side, there is no alarm—on the other, there are no signs of turbulence. For the first time in the history of Lancashire, the sudden interruption of the employment of at least a quarter of a million of people has excited no fear of popular outbreaks. No one has dreamed of asking the Government for a single additional soldier, or of soliciting from the Legislature extraordinary powers of repression. The gentry, the merchants, and the manufacturers have done their best to meet the calamity calmly and courageously, whilst those for whom they have bestirred themselves have only displayed docility and gratitude. Large sums of money have been generously contributed by voluntary tax-payers to provide relief for the destitute. More prosperous artisans in other parts of the country have been equally zealous in coming to the assistance of their suffering brethren, and a system has been organized for the distribution of relief with conspicuous ability and energy. The efforts hitherto made have been, it is believed, crowned with rare success. Up to the present moment, a large and most valuable portion of the real sinew of the country has been saved from starvation and moral degradation. Nor, we trust, is there much reason to fear for the future, for whenever there is employment to be obtained, the Lancashire workpeople will surely hail the opportunity with gladness; and if the present unhappy state of things should be unfortunately prolonged, we do not doubt but that the charity of the country will be found true to itself, and that means will be discovered to save, at any sacrifice, those who have shown themselves so deserving of the care which has been bestowed upon them.

If we recur to the history of the manufacturing districts, there is abundant reason for congratulation on the state of feeling which pervades at present the whole working population. There have been times when the stoppage of work in Lancashire was justly a matter of general anxiety and alarm. Although, in former days, the number of the persons employed in factories was insignificant when contrasted with the myriads who in our time look to the cotton mills for a means of subsistence, yet whenever employment was interrupted, it was universally felt that the peace of the district and the safety of property were seriously endangered. Riotous meetings were held, mischievous agitators took advantage of the general distress and discontent, and endeavoured to persuade the work-people that the calamities which they suffered were due solely to the tyranny of Government and the operation of iniquitous legislation. The spirit of discontent created by distress and starvation, and fomented by leaders like Orator Hunt, sometimes broke out in attacks upon mills and in the destruction of machinery, or led, as in 1819 and 1839, to widely-spread combinations which almost amounted to organized insurrection. Collisions occurred from time to time between the troops and the people, and there were State prosecutions of the leaders and of those who were taken in open resistance to authority. In those memorable years the entire community was pervaded with a feeling of insecurity. Extraordinary measures were had recourse to by the Governments of the day which calmed the apprehensions of the timid, but which did not afford any remedy for the dangers to which the country was exposed. As often as periods of distress occurred among the manufacturing population, there were the same symptoms of social disorganization, accompanied with the same dread of political convulsion. The present generation has witnessed a crisis as terrible as ever overtook the industry of Lancashire, but there are no signs of the disaffection and turbulence which in former times inevitably followed the diminution or suspension of employment. It would seem that there has been a complete revolution in the feelings of the working class, which, considering the brief interval in which it has been effected, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our social history. It may well be asked, what are the causes which in so short a space have produced so vast a change? The result is one of which the whole country has a right to be proud, for it is due, we believe, not to isolated agencies, but to the collective power of civilization which modern enlightenment, but, still more, the moral and religious feeling of this age, has brought to bear upon society.

The leaders and the advocates of different classes and sections

are willing enough to claim for themselves the credit of the praiseworthy attitude of the working people in their present distress. Some persons, with the childish simplicity and earnestness which belongs to the crotcheted-stricken sciolists of a peculiar school, ascribe the patient endurance displayed by thousands of half-starved workmen to the spread of useful knowledge and the omnipotence of a penny press. Others, with more show of reason, are disposed to attribute so marked an improvement to the more efficient methods of public education introduced of late years. Valuable, however, as such agencies doubtless are, it may be questioned whether they have been sufficiently powerful to produce results of such magnitude and importance. It is true, no doubt, that the working people have made great progress in many respects. They have reached a degree of intelligence, and have acquired habits of self-reliance, to which their fathers were utter strangers. In their benefit societies and co-operative associations, many of them have gathered experience of the laws which regulate industrial enterprises, and determine their success or failure. Education, in spite of the rapid aggregation of population at the seats of industry, is more widely disseminated than at any previous period; and, though much remains to be done, the intellectual condition of Lancashire is far in advance of the generation of twenty years ago. But the influence which, no doubt, has operated most strongly in bringing about the present state of feeling arises from another source. Whilst, in other countries, Utopian schemes for the amelioration or reconstitution of human society have been recklessly promulgated, and produced no fruit but confusion and disaster, in England careful and laborious legislation has been patiently employed in the redress of grievances and the removal of unjust burdens; and although, for the most part, without the enjoyment of a Parliamentary franchise, the working classes have been as well taken care of as they would have been if they had been their own champions. The fetters on their industry were removed by Sir Robert Peel and subsequent Ministers, the wave of revolution in 1848 broke idly on the shores of England, and it was made manifest that the principles of modern policy had disarmed the spirit of revolution. But the wise changes effected by Parliament are not the only evidences of an improved feeling on the part of the classes that possess political power in this country. Throughout the period to which we have referred, there has been a constant and an increasing activity displayed by the wealthy and educated classes in the work of social improvement. Duties have been better understood and more efficiently discharged by clergy and laity than was the case a quarter of a century ago. Whatever may be the political opinions of individuals, there exists generally a practical liberality of sentiment which contrasts strongly with the intolerance and suspicion that distinguished the last generation, which, in truth, had never really recovered from the panic of the French Revolution. There can be no question that we have become a more kindly people. The change of feeling may be traced in the Statute Book, but it is still more apparent in the altered relations of the different classes of society towards each other. By that change the working classes have been the greatest gainers, because they had most to gain, but, at same time, no inconsiderable benefit accrues to the rest of the community in increased security at home, and, therefore, security abroad.

It must not be thought that the above remarks have been made in the spirit of contented optimism and laudation of the best of possible worlds. We have no wish to flatter the present generation, or to exalt them at the expense of their predecessors, who in their day had hard work to do, and often did it gallantly and well. But it is only in periods of calamity that there is a real test of the practical value of legislation and of the strength of the bonds by which society is held together. And it is impossible not to admit that in the trials to which Lancashire is subjected there is abundant evidence of a most satisfactory state of public feeling. Each class has been doing its duty, and in a noiseless business-like way. The state of opinion among the working people is, it must be believed, due to their own intelligence and courage, influenced by wise and just legislation, and by the humane feeling shown towards them by the wealthy and the intelligent classes. If such results have been attained when the causes of them have been in operation but for a very few years, there is much to encourage the hopeful labourers in the cause of social amelioration. This seems to be the moral result which may fairly be drawn from the experience of the last few months. There is no ground for glorification on the score of what has been done already. Panegyric is an insult to benevolence. But it may well be hoped that the healthy understanding which has been established between the landowners, the employers of labour, and the labourers, will not only facilitate the administration of relief, but will lead to a genuine perception of community of duty when society is threatened by a grievous calamity. In the present instance, the county which had, from its previous history, been most an object of terror to magistrates and Home Secretaries, has not only redeemed its character, but has earned a civic crown. There may be more difficulties in store. A renewal of employment may be long deferred, and the sufferings of the workpeople may be indefinitely prolonged; but we do not anticipate that there will be the slightest change in the behaviour of the operatives, and we are satisfied that their employers, backed by the county and the assistance of the charity of the United Kingdom, will see them through their difficulties. The cotton famine has been a great calamity, but it has served to gauge public benevolence as well as the strength of our political institutions.

PROSPECTS OF MUSICAL SCIENCE.

WONDERFUL is the apparent advance of musical taste and musical performance in London within the memory even of middle-aged playgoers and concert-goers. It seems scarcely credible, but it is not the less the fact, that, a generation ago, the conductor's baton was an almost unknown implement in our orchestras. We can well recall the old-fashioned concerts and operas, when the gentleman who, by a most misplaced euphemism, was termed the "conductor," sat at a square pianoforte, and played a kind of accompaniment to the band; while the performers had nothing to guide them but the playing of the principal violin. Who would imagine, too, that it was with the utmost difficulty that the chief singers of the day could be brought to take a part in the opera of *Der Freischütz*, from their conviction that the music was dull, and would not be tolerated by a London audience? Yet such was the case; and it was only on the condition that he might introduce two or three trumpety English ballads that Braham himself could be coaxed into singing the part assigned to him. On the first night of playing, the glorious overture fell flat and dead, and not a hand moved to applaud it. Now London is the city of classical music, above every other city in Europe, and crowds throng to hear a great violinist play the fugues of Sebastian Bach. The longest and toughest of Beethoven's sonatas and symphonies are listened to in breathless silence; and "Israel in Egypt," little cared for in its mighty author's days, is sung again and again as it was never sung before.

Yet, undoubtedly, the prospects of music as a science cannot be considered as cheering to the cultivated musician. As composers, Englishmen themselves hold but an inferior and unimportant position in the world of art; and with all the popular love for classical music in public, it is to be feared that it is only when the executants are of the highest class that we love better music than our forefathers did. It is not merely that no composer has appeared to fill the place left void by the early death of Mendelssohn. The greatest masters in every art and science are ever rare, and the tendencies of a period must not be judged by the magnitude of the stars which at any given date may be shining in all their brightness. It is in the special type of composition which is dominant both among writers and lovers of music that we trace the tokens of a time of decay. The music of to-day is marked by a diminished sense of the beauty of form, as distinguished from that of mere colour—involving, as a natural consequence, a loss of unity both in design and development, and of real force and dramatic grandeur. Music is becoming more and more the language of mere emotion of a superficial kind. Feebly expressing the intellectual element in our nature, it fails to give such a voice to feeling and passion as they demand, when united to profound thought and energy of will.

All harmony, it should be remembered, in its very idea, represents the union of independent agents. It is the result of the subordination of the several parts to the working out of a perfect whole. And the beauty and human expressiveness of the complete result depend upon the preservation of the individuality of the separate portions, so that their distinct action and character may be traced throughout. It is with musical life as with the life of a nation, whose highest perfection is attained when the man is not swallowed up in the citizen, and when the fullest amount of personal liberty is secured that may be compatible with social order and national unity. Thus it is that in "part-music" of every possible species—whether in accompanied songs, or duets, or choruses, or in orchestral works—the fundamental principle of the fugue is never wanting. Each voice, each instrument, or each part in a mere pianoforte composition, retains its characteristic individuality; it assists, as an independent agent, in producing the perfect harmony.

Until a comparatively recent date, all good music of every kind bore the impress of this fundamental idea. A musical work was treated as a union of parts combined in endless varieties of form, and not simply as an aggregation of agreeable masses of colour, in which outline is subordinate to tint and tone, and precision gives way to a general picturesqueness of effect. This latter idea now prevails amongst almost all influential composers, and its presence is to be detected in compositions of every kind. It is to the influence of the overpowering genius of Beethoven that this change is principally due. While the powers of the orchestra were yet undeveloped, all music, to a certain extent, took its character from vocal harmony, and thus retained its careful contrapuntal structure. But the immense advance in instrumental execution, inspired by an imagination so daring as that of Beethoven, whose mind was at the same time deficient in a feeling for part-music as such, left an impress upon the musical art which has never been obliterated. Exquisite as was Beethoven's perception of the beauty of musical rhythm, he unquestionably reduced the individuality of the separate portions of the harmony to a low degree of subservience. Taken singly, the work of each voice or instrument, under his guidance, is more fragmentary than in the works of the other greatest masters. The breadth of his general conceptions, his wonderful feeling for melody, and the earnestness and depth of his passion, fused all these comparatively unconnected portions into as perfect a whole, of its kind, as the most carefully balanced fugue of Bach or sonata of Corelli. But the composers that came after him, when they followed him in his disregard of artificial counterpoint, and adopted his picturesque and warmly-coloured treatment, threw away the only instrumentality to which all must trust for the attainment of finished beauty and real power,

unless endowed with the vigour and imaginative fertility of a Beethoven.

The genius of Mendelssohn, though fundamentally distinct from that of Beethoven, failed to arrest the course of the prevailing fashion, from causes not difficult to specify. Mendelssohn was the most precocious of the greatest masters of the musical art. Almost all of them have shown very early proofs of skill, and have written wonderfully well while still extremely young. But none, save Mendelssohn, have produced works of extraordinary originality and scientific power in their early youth. They simply wrote like their contemporaries, though with abundant tokens of special skill and inventiveness. No other youth of eighteen ever gave to the world music of such mingled originality and power as that of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. No other could handle an orchestra like a man of long experience, uniting so much novelty of idea with such masterly ease in construction, while yet little more than a boy.

Born in an age steeped in the luxuries of the instrumental wonders of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Mendelssohn naturally first indulged that portion of his genius which most readily sympathized with the prevailing taste of the day. But in his mind, what is termed the contrapuntal element lay deep, and constituted as important an element in its organization as in that of Palestrina. Fétis, one of the most eminent of foreign critics, actually depreciates him as possessing the character of a "cantor of the seventeenth century." At the same time, original and delightful as are Mendelssohn's melodies, it cannot be denied that his gift of tune was less developed than his contrapuntal and orchestral powers. Refined, delicate, and occasionally forcible as they were, they do not ring through the ear and stir every emotion with the irresistible strength of Handel and Beethoven. Especially is this the case in the melodies which he employed in constructing his most elaborate contrapuntal works. They tend to dryness and thinness; and, when worked up in what are technically called the "inner parts," they have little meaning or tunefulness, and are singularly dependent upon their orchestral accompaniment for the effect they produce. In this respect they stand in marked contrast with the intense tunefulness of the themes of Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, which are not merely admirably adapted for elaborate treatment, but are perfectly self-sustaining, and dwell upon the ear even in the most artificial of combinations. Hence Mendelssohn failed to create a love for that essentially part music which he himself loved so dearly. His graceful and brilliant "songs without words," on the other hand, caught the popular fancy, and have affected the works of later composers to a remarkable extent. Had he lived to a more mature age, there is little doubt that his gift of melody would have been developed in the same degree as has been the case with every eminent musician as he advanced in life. His latest works clearly show this tendency in his mind, and none more strikingly than the fragment of his unfinished Oratorio, "*Christus*."

The most eminent composers of the present time are all votaries of the picturesque school, and are deficient in form, unity, and, above all, in climax—that rarest of all attainments in the musical art. They seek to produce an impression of strength and intensity of emotion by a mere quantity of sound, rather than by such a judicious selection of notes in the laying out of the harmony as may give to every note its own individual expressiveness and meaning. It is like the substitution of loudness of voice and positiveness of assertion for clearness of statement and cogency of reasoning in ordinary conversation. Consequently, modern music, though twice as noisy as music framed on another idea, conveys a less distinct impression of mental power in its author, and fails to please after frequent repetition. To use the common saying, there is not much in it. Not being planned, again, with a view to this gradual development and final working-up, compositions are in perpetual danger of lapsing into a succession of isolated passages, arbitrarily strung together, and united by changes in harmony which appear sudden and uncalled-for. Beethoven's startling and odd-looking changes are, indeed, all designed with a meaning, and fall in with the cast of the melodies which they sustain. Scholastic pedantry condemned and condemns them, but we do not feel their abruptness. With writers of a lower stamp, the difficulty of avoiding an impression of gratuitous and fidgety modulations is almost insurmountable.

The works of Meyerbeer, unquestionably a great master, strikingly illustrate the prevailing characteristics of the music of the day. Delightful as is his gift of melody—a gift entirely owing to half a life's laborious cultivation—almost all his music is fragmentary. His operas abound in isolated beauties, all expressive, all framed with a view to dramatic truth; but they are deficient in that unity of idea and development by which alone the essential unity of human thought and passion can be adequately represented by musical phrases. Thus, too, in his treatment of the orchestra, every note is studied, and every resource of a most numerous band is ingeniously applied; but the result lacks simplicity, and suggests to the hearer the excessive pains which must have been devoted to the composition.

That such composers should fail in the grand achievement of climax, is but natural. Musical climax necessarily requires the combination of separate individualities, all urging onwards with ever-increasing emotion, as the climax of the speech of a truly great orator seems to combine in a few burning sentences the essence of all that he has previously spoken. Thus it is that the grandest and most passionate climaxes are the work of the great musical contrapuntists. To learn what a "wind-up" really is, we

must turn to Handel, Bach, and Mozart. That piling of thought upon thought, and stimulating of feeling by feeling, which carries the listener away in a whirlwind of amazed delight, must be sought in such finales as the last page of the "Messiah" or the Jupiter Symphony, and not in the gorgeous masses of colouring of the picturesque school, however splendid and magnificent.

Of the same fragmentary class are the works of other notables among living writers. The compositions of Wagner, the apostle of the "Music of the Future" in Germany, are professedly of this cast. They are patchwork from beginning to end. Berlioz, clever as he is, has the same defect, and aims at novelty by a thousand new combinations and tricks with his orchestra. Auber, French in melody and treatment, has no breadth, and there is no more force in his finales than in the most trashy multiplications of semiquavers of the feeblest Italians. One of the most original pianoforte writers of the day, who also possesses a charming gift of tune—Stephen Heller—goes still further in the disregard of contrapuntal artifice, repeatedly employing more octaves with a freedom that in the hands of a less graceful and piquant melodist will result in the baldest of commonplace. Another pianoforte composer, as well as marvellous performer—Thalberg—exercises a most injurious influence on the musical art. Unsurpassed in mechanism of execution, and unrivalled in touch, Thalberg has carried to perfection the artifice of playing melodies with florid accompaniments, and appears to confer on the pianoforte a power which it does not really possess. Nothing is so easy as to manufacture this kind of composition, and nothing is so easy to play with the appropriate character, if once the mechanical difficulties are overcome. Accordingly, its imitators are innumerable; though, for the most part, they are nearly as far behind the true Thalbergian "singing on the pianoforte," as Thalberg's piano songs are below the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn. Their one notion of pianoforte music is that of a melody adorned with endless arpeggios and flights of notes from one end of the keyboard to the other. This is the true type of the music of the day.

One accomplished writer we possess, indeed, in England—Dr. Sterndale Bennett; but, appreciated as his works are by the cultivated musician, they are not sufficiently individual or strong in tune and treatment to create a school of their own. Eminently Mendelssohnian both in melody and harmony, they are compositions of which Englishmen may well be proud, from their purity and scholar-like finish, and from the thoughtfulness and truth of expression which mark them all. Dr. Bennett, in fact, is not only one of the ablest of English musicians of any period, but he is the only Englishman who has ever attained eminence as an instrumental writer, whether for the pianoforte or the orchestra—always excepting the accomplished quartett writer, Onslow, whose writings have long taken their place among the classical works for the chamber.

On the whole, it is impossible to believe that the musical art is in a healthy condition. The musical taste of writers and listeners is too little nourished in its early days on that more vigorous diet which alone can issue in a sound maturity. Noise and speed win the race. Orchestral scores are overwhelmed with "brass," and bands are so large that few singers can make themselves properly heard against them. The American fondness for magnitude pervades the musical republic. The effect of choruses is estimated by the hundreds of voices that sing them. Everybody extols Handel, and declares that his works alone are capable of being sung by thousands, but the school of Handel is extinct. Glee-writing and glee-singing are rare. And, for ourselves, we do not see any prospect of a thorough musical reformation, until it becomes the recognised maxim of musicians that vocal part-writing is the foundation of all true music of every species.

THE FUTURE OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

It seems to be a political mistake in the Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862 that they are displaying their tactics thus early. Would it not have been more prudent to keep their intentions quiet a little longer? Public opinion has scarcely had time to recover itself, and the wounds of the past year are too raw and recent to permit, at least so soon, a new and open assault on our credulity and patience. The Veillard-Cadogan scandal, the futile and impertinent attempt (the last shift of collapsing puffery) to get the Prince of Wales to exhibit himself in a sham ceremonial in those damp and mouldy sheds at Brompton, for the mere sake of retrieving by a few hundred pounds the contractors' unlucky speculation, the discontent both of those who have and those who have not got the prizes, the handing over to the Society of Arts and its unauthoritative essayists the main duties of the Jury reports—and, in a word, the lame and impotent dying out as a failing bazaar of that which was inaugurated by pious prayers and episcopal benedictions—all these things have not yet retired into the decent oblivion of distance. But perhaps the Commissioners have no choice. Unless, and unless speedily, some purpose is found for the Exhibition buildings, they may fall down. So a scheme for retaining them is to be planned. That scheme is consistent enough with the whole history of the Exhibition. The thing which was commenced in total defiance of all moral considerations must have an immoral end. Sooner or later—and, fortunately for us all in this case, sooner rather than later—the real purpose of the Exhibition must be confessed. We have it all now before us. It is announced—

That a scheme for retaining the building has now been proposed, the success of which depends entirely upon the view which the Chancellor of the Exchequer may take upon the subject. It is proposed that the Government should be asked to purchase the building, which is offered at a decided bargain, the sum named being 100,000*l.* The purchase of the building would, of course, involve the purchase of the site.

The site is valued at little short of 200,000*l.* "Another 100,000*l.* would be required for the decoration of the buildings, and making them thoroughly watertight." At last, then, the whole secret is out. Going for 400,000*l.*—only 400,000*l.*—and this beautiful building, the admiration of Europe, and the *chef-d'œuvre* of the celebrated Captain of Engineers—a building which would make Michael Angelo, and Bramante, and Wren, stare and gasp, is offered to the British public at an alarming sacrifice of 400,000*l.*

It is a very nice arrangement, and the public will at once see how many interests are conciliated by it. First of all, the Commissioners deserve the credit of only making the sacrifice at the last moment. They have done their best to get a customer before they fell back upon the old milch cow of a public grant. They actually committed the pleasantry of trying to induce the guarantors and exhibitors to purchase the building for a permanent industrial exhibition. But the guarantors were perversely blind to the charms of industry, and the exhibitors were deaf to the suggestions of their own interests. Having just barely escaped burning their fingers, and indeed with the smell of scorch even yet upon them, we are not much surprised to be told that the result of this application to the guarantors on the part of the Commissioners was "most discouraging." But the valuable property was hawked about in other, though unspecified, quarters, and with the same melancholy result of "similar reluctance." The public purse, therefore, is the last shift of insolvency. No doubt various interests will be consulted by saddling on the nation the cost of purchasing and keeping this terrible White Elephant. There are the contractors. No one exactly knows what they have been paid, or how that elastic and speculative bargain between the Commissioners and Messrs. Kelk and Lucas stands at the present moment. But anyhow, the building is on somebody's hands, and we are not much surprised that somebody is very anxious to relieve somebody's hands. Sixteen acres covered with glass sheds, and timber and iron framework, in a normal state of decomposition, is an investment which would compel the most sanguine of landlords or the most speculative of builders to consign as soon as possible to an alarming sacrifice. Here, then, is one interest which has certainly very sufficient reasons for wishing the British nation to stand in its own perishing shoes. And curiously enough the owners of the site are equally anxious with the owners of the premises to see Government installed in the rights of full proprietorship. The great Kensington Estate is, as everybody knows, the property of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851. Out of the enormous profits of that Exhibition, together with a grant from Parliament, the Kensington Estate was purchased. This estate has been manipulated much as any other building land near London is managed. Part of it has been leased to the Horticultural Society; part has been sold for building purposes; part has been retained by Government for the Arts Department usually known as the Brompton Boilers; part has been leased to the Society of Arts, comprising the frontage to the Cromwell Road, and occupied by the Picture Galleries. And now, for the first time, we are informed that this property and all these investments are a dead failure. "Unfortunately it is very heavily encumbered with mortgages, though by no means up to its full value." That is to say, the Commissioners of 1851, incorporated "for the advancement of human industry, and the promotion of kindly international feelings," having turned landowners, and, of course, land jobbers, and having become "mixed up with building speculations, borrowers of money, road makers, speculators in public gardens," have found the usual fate of such suburban benefactors of mankind, and are, at this moment, what we suppose we might call bankrupts. At least they are owners of a great estate heavily mortgaged, and are under responsibilities to societies, the Horticultural and the Society of Arts, and to builders and contractors, which render it necessary to appeal to the Encumbered Estates Court, which in this case is the British Parliament. It is easy therefore to see that the Commissioners of 1851 are to be credited with other influences than those arising from the claims of human industry and unmitigated patriotism when they profess themselves to be willing to hand over to the Government "the whole estate as it now stands, with their claims upon the Horticultural Society, the outlying pieces of building land, and of course the mortgage debt." There is no landed gentleman in difficulties who would not cheerfully do the same. The case is this. The British public, by its funds, private and public, purchased the estate, and handed it over to the Commissioners. The Commissioners have contrived to manage it so skilfully that in five or six years the estate is overwhelmed with responsibilities, deeply in debt, and most heavily mortgaged. Under these circumstances, it is generously offered that the original owner should take back, at about the price he originally gave for it, the estate reduced to this happy condition. In other words, we are invited to pay for the Kensington Estate twice over, in order to relieve Messrs. Kelk and Lucas from a bad speculation, and to relieve the Commissioners of 1851 from responsibilities of which they see no possible termination, except a succession of appearances in Basinghall Street. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, especially when

humanity is hopelessly insolvent; but the confidence with which the Commissioners propose to appeal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer can only be accounted for by the fact that Mr. Gladstone is himself one of these very Commissioners.

Making all allowance, then, for the necessity of the Commissioners forcing a sale of their mortgaged and hopelessly encumbered property, we must now turn an eye on the commodity which it is proposed to throw on the market. Is it worth 100,000*l.* or 100,000*l.*? The Commissioners of 1862, who have Captain Fowkes' fairy palace to sell, are quite equal to take rank with the Commissioners of 1851, who have the bankrupt estate on which it stands to sell. The present building cost 300,000*l.* without extras, and without, we believe, Mr. Crace's bill; though whether Messrs. Kelk and Lucas have got more than 200,000*l.*, so hazy is our retrospect of their bargain that we are not aware. It was said that in the end they sacrificed 100,000*l.*, in order to release the guarantors from their responsibility; and so good a deed certainly deserves that 100,000*l.* which it is now proposed to levy from the British tax-payer. Messrs. Kelk's liberality in November it is now proposed to reimburse in February. The contractors will, of course, have to sacrifice that reputation for disinterestedness which all along seemed so heroic, but we shall hardly grudge them pudding if they give up barren honour. To sell a building which, according to Kelk and Lucas, cost 300,000*l.*—and which, we believe, has absorbed much more, if not of their money, at least of that of the present owners, the Commissioners of 1862—for only 100,000*l.* looks a very good bargain for the nation. But with the same breath that it is offered for 100,000*l.*, we are told that it will require another 100,000*l.* to make it weather and water-tight. We fear that most surveyors and house agents would admit that a tenement which is not one year old, and which already requires one-third of its original cost to be immediately laid out on repairs, is dear at any price. If the Commissioners, instead of receiving 100,000*l.* for Captain Fowkes' sheds, were to give the nation 100,000*l.* to take the whole building off their hands, it would be the worst bargain that even the British nation ever made. Only to keep this building in tenable repair would be a scandalous annual impost on the tax-payers. It is very easy and very fine to show upon paper that, if the Government invested in the purchase of this rickety building, paid off the mortgage, and made good bargains with the Horticultural Society, with the Society of Arts, with various learned and scientific bodies who want chambers, they might send the Indian Museum from Fife House, and the Portrait Gallery from Great George Street, and so, in the long run, might recoup themselves, especially if to this omnium gathrum of science and art they also deported half the British Museum and the whole of the National Gallery.

But there are just two difficulties to be got over before this arrangement, so very convenient to so very many parties, can be accepted by Parliament. First, the building is perhaps the most inconvenient which the wit of man could construct for these purposes. If it is intended to send all these societies, and museums, and galleries to Brompton, it is preposterous to talk of housing them in Captain Fowkes' building. To give 100,000*l.* for a building which must be instantly demolished if all these homeless and houseless collections are to go to Brompton, is a perfect mockery. If this is what is intended, then let the proposed purchase of the buildings for 100,000*l.* be fairly set in its true light. It is to reimburse the bad speculation of the builders. Let it at once be openly acknowledged, and, above all, let it be proved, that we owe a sort of debt of honour to Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, and Parliament may perhaps entertain a proposal even as extravagant as this, if it is made in good faith and honesty. But to ask the Government to pay 100,000*l.* for a building, the only use of which, if all these other purposes are to be carried out at Brompton, is instantly to demolish it, is a proposition as impudent as it is immoral. Something more than this remains to be said. Whether the present buildings are or are not suitable for all these purposes, we are by no means prepared for accepting these purposes. Parliament has its voice on this scheme for sending the National Gallery or the British Museum to Brompton. We very well know, and we have said so fifty times, that this end was what the Society of Arts, and the Commissioners, and various other influential people intended all along. We have repeatedly warned the public that it was for this the lamented Prince Consort's name was so freely used. And we say more—we do not hesitate to express our conviction that the Exhibition of 1862 was, all along, a gigantic sham, not planned for its own purpose alone or chiefly, but mainly with a view of consummating the inchoate job of a great Central Institution at Brompton. What was all along aimed at is the present complication. The actual position of events has been steadily foreseen, and every calculation has been made for its certain occurrence. The enterprise was commenced under false pretences, and for the covert furtherance of an illegitimate job not yet fully developed; and to serve which its promoters erected a building which has disgraced the architectural knowledge of England in the eyes of the whole world. These hard and bitter words are not ours, but we take them from a high authority, the Editor of the *Practical Mechanic's Journal*, who also gives us the significant fact that Captain Fowkes' designs were made a considerable time before the Commissioners of 1862 were appointed, and that they accepted them at once. However, in this case, the net is not spread in vain before the eyes of that simple fowl, the British tax-payer. If, through his representatives in Parliament, that silly bird consents to purchase for the nation the present Exhibition buildings and the estate at Brompton, all that we can say is that

we deserve to be plucked. There will be many competitors for Mr. Gladstone's prospective surplus; but if we fool away one shilling of it on this job we never deserve to have a surplus again. Let the Exhibition buildings yield decently to their fate. The earth has bubbles; and the two largest which it ever produced are those two glass bubbles at Brompton. Let them burst.

REVIEWS.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.*

LONG expected and desired, Mr. Kinglake's history comes at last. And it comes entirely worthy of the genius of its author. It will be read with admiration and delight by all but those who will find in it the judgment of history—of a history that will not die—upon their own misdeeds. A great and immortal addition has been made to the historical literature of England.

Nearly nine years have now passed since the events which this great work records, so that it has fulfilled the edict of that great master of polished composition who prescribed that a book should be kept in the hands of the writer for nine years. In that time, Mr. Kinglake, besides elaborating his work to a pitch of exquisite finish which equals *Æthen*, has been able thoroughly to mature his judgments, and to drink in the truth, not only from documentary sources, but from constant intercourse with the actors in the events which he describes. The lapse of time has also given him, to some extent, the advantage of combining with the accuracy of a contemporary history the freedom of one written in later times. He has still to undertake, in several cases, the task, in which even the most judicial mind can scarcely succeed, of portraying the characters of living men. But some of the chief actors are removed from life into the calm court of history. Lord Aberdeen and Lord Lyons have passed away, as well as the Emperor Nicholas, Lord Raglan, and St. Arnaud. The difference, in point of clearness and firmness, is plainly visible between the portraits which Mr. Kinglake draws of his living characters and those which he draws of the dead. It is impossible that even the calmest and most scientific anatomist should not tremble in dissecting a living subject, which winces and palpitates under his hand.

The materials at the writer's disposal have been of the most complete and authentic kind. The whole of Lord Raglan's papers were placed in Mr. Kinglake's hands by Lady Raglan, who added to that mark of her confidence a proof of her strong good sense and generosity in resisting all solicitations to disturb the deliberate labours of the historian by any expression of impatience, though often urged to do so by those who were anxious for the dispersion of what they believed to be falsehoods affecting her husband's fame. The Raglan papers include not only military documents and correspondence, but correspondence with the sovereigns, ambassadors, and ministers of the different nations, and private correspondence with friends:—

And, so methodical was Lord Raglan, and so well was he served by Colonel Steele, his military secretary, that all this mass of authentic matter lies ranged in perfect order. The strategic plans of the much-contriving Emperor—still carrying the odour of the Havannah which aid the ingenuity of the Tuilleries—are ranged with all due care, and can be got at in a few moments; but, not less carefully ranged, and equally easy to find, is the rival scheme of the enthusiastic nosologist who advised that the Russians should be destroyed by the action of malaria, and the elaborate proposal of the English general who submitted a plan for taking Sebastopol with bows and arrows. Here and there, the neatness of the arranging hand is in strange contrast with the fiery contents of the papers arranged; for, along with reports and returns, and things precise, the most hurried scrawl of the commander who writes to his chief under stress of deep emotion lies flat, and hushed, and docketed. It would seem as though no paper addressed to the English Head-Quarters was ever destroyed or mislaid.

Besides the papers, directly it was known that Mr. Kinglake was writing his history, knowledge almost embarrassing in its abundance was poured upon him from all quarters. In collecting it, he made a remarkable observation:—

And now I have that to state which will not surprise my own countrymen, but which still, in the eyes of the foreigner, will seem to be passing strange. For some years, our statesmen, our admirals, and our generals have known that the whole correspondence of the English Head-Quarters was in my hands; and very many of them have from time to time conversed and corresponded with me on the business of the war. Yet I declare I do not remember that any one of these public men has ever said to me that there was anything which, for the honour of our arms, or for the credit of the nation, it would be well to keep concealed. Every man has taken it for granted that what is best for the repute of England is, the truth.

Were the French equally ready and open in imparting information? Mr. Kinglake "has received a most clear, courteous, and abundant answer to every inquiry which he has ventured to address to any French commander." An officer of eminence was even sent over here to impart ample statements respecting some of the operations of the French army. But the authorities of the French War Office were not so communicative; they declined to submit their papers to inspection. The obscurity caused by this concealment, however, has, in Mr. Kinglake's opinion, been dispersed by the information which has been imparted to him, with wise and honourable freedom, from Russian sources. Among the most valuable of his materials for the account of the battle of the

* *The Invasion of the Crimea; its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1862.

Alma, he reckons the narratives of the three generals of division who there held command under Mentschikoff. The character of the Russian army rises, as might have been expected, by the frank publication of the truth.

The two volumes now published carry us down to the end of the battle of the Alma. The first of the two is occupied with an account of the transactions which brought on the war, of which Mr. Kinglake gives a penetrating analysis, in chapters which are pregnant with practical lessons for statesmen, as well as with instruction and interest to the student of history.

The causes of the war, as set forth by Mr. Kinglake, were—(1.) the personal character of the Emperor Nicholas, his absolute command over the great standing armies of Russia, and the spirit of crusading fanaticism which he shared with the Russian nation. (2.) The personal character of the Emperor of Austria, whose youth and gratitude rendered him subservient to Nicholas, while the great shock caused by the events of 1848 had to a great extent broken the controlling power of tradition and custom over Austrian policy, and rendered the personal influence of the Emperor more dominant for the moment than in that government—nominally a despotism, but really an aristocratic bureaucracy—it has commonly been. (3.) The personal character of the King of Prussia, who, at the critical moment, imparted something of his own weak and wavering temper to the policy of his nation.

(4.) The personal exigencies of the Emperor of the French and the accomplices of his usurpation, who were under the necessity of indemnifying the French people for the suppression of its liberties at home by some signal achievement abroad—of obtaining a moral sanction, such as that of the Queen of England, for their questionable acts and tainted characters—and of placing some events of absorbing interest as a screen between themselves and the memory of the civil blood which they had shed. (5.) Certain weaknesses in the English Cabinet, and especially the imprudent openness with which its chief, Lord Aberdeen, declared his invincible repugnance to war, thereby confirming the Emperor of Russia in the false belief that a war with England was impossible. (6.) The extravagances of the Peace party and its leaders, which tended to mislead the Emperor in the same direction. (7.) The desire for war, among the people of this country, which lurked beneath general professions of a love of peace, and which had been intensified by a natural reaction from the extreme doctrines of the Peace party. The instruments at once, and the incentives of war, stood ready in the vast standing armies with which Europe was covered, and which were wielded for the most part by arbitrary power.

These several causes, however, contributed to the result in very different degrees. On the selfish fears and intrigues of the Emperor of the French rests, according to Mr. Kinglake, the main blame. Austria and Prussia, though they, and still more their representatives, were guilty of some errors and derelictions, were at bottom and in the main ready to stand by the cause of international right, and to do their duty in repressing the encroachments of the Czar. Austria especially, in Mr. Kinglake's judgment, was perfectly prepared and determined to do the duty which peculiarly fell to her by ejecting the intruder from Wallachia and Moldavia, when he had seized them as a material guarantee. There was, in short, no real backwardness on the part of any one of the four great Powers; and no reason why the four should not have acted together in enforcing on the Czar an observance of national rights, which, when acting together, they would unquestionably have been able to enforce without resorting to the extremity of war. This being the case, the secession of England from the councils of the four Powers, her separate alliance with France, and the hostile action which she took in conjunction with the French Emperor, were mistakes committed by our Government; and the war, whether justly provoked by the conduct of the Russian Emperor or not, was, on our part, an unnecessary war. And this is a conclusion from which, however unwelcome it may be to the English statesmen on whom the responsibility rests, a candid and attentive reader of Mr. Kinglake's narrative will find it difficult to escape.

Of the Emperor of Russia, the immediate author, though not the deep contriver, of these events, Mr. Kinglake gives a character which is too long to quote, but which shows, as the other characters in these volumes show, discriminating insight and an almost Tacitean power. He admits that the Emperor had, on the whole, in the course of his long administration, fairly won even from his enemies the name of a man of honour, that he had the love of truth, and that he endeavoured to conform to the standard which he had set before himself of the English "Gentleman." His ideal of human grandeur was the character of the Duke of Wellington, and, as Mr. Kinglake justly says, no man could have made that choice without having truth in him. But there was also another element in his moral composition:—

It would seem, however, that beneath the virtues which for more than a quarter of a century had enabled the Czar to stand before Europe as a man of honour and truth, there lurked a set of opposite qualities; and that when he reached the period of life which has often been found a trying one to men of the Romanoff family, a deterioration began to take place which shook the ascendancy of his better nature. After the beginning of 1853 there were strange alternations in his conduct. At one time he seemed to be so frank and straightforward that the most wary statesman could not and would not believe him to be intending deceit. Then, and even within a few hours, he would steal off and be false. But the vice which he disclosed in those weak intervals was not the profound deceit of statecraft, but rather the odd purposeless cunning of a gipsy or a savage, who shows by some sudden and harmless sign of his wild blood that even after years of conformity to European ways he has not been completely reclaimed.

In tracing the different phases of the Czar's conduct, and the changes of his temper through these intricate and almost inscrutable transactions, Mr. Kinglake by no means spares the condemnation which is due; and upon the mission and proceedings of his emissary, Mentschikoff, the sentence falls with equal severity and justice. But the impression left on our minds upon the whole is, that had Nicholas been managed throughout at once with temperance and firmness, and with a sincere determination on all hands to combine, if possible, the assertion of international right with the maintenance of peace, there was nothing in his formed designs which would inevitably have led to war.

To the overbearing temper and impatience of rightful control produced in the Czar by the possession of despotic power, and his religious excitement as the Caliph of the Eastern Church, was added on this occasion, as a motive fatally impelling him towards war, the intense personal rivalry which had long existed between him and the English ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Stratford Canning. Of this memorable personage, Mr. Kinglake gives a portrait which, on the whole, will be very gratifying to its subject:—

For ascendancy on this the favourite arena of diplomacy two men had long contended. They were altogether unequal in station, and yet were not ill matched. The first of the combatants was the Emperor Nicholas; the other was Sir Stratford Canning. This kinsman of Mr. Canning the Minister had been bred from early life to the career of diplomacy, and whilst he was so young that he could still perhaps think in smooth Eton Alcades more easily than in the diction of "High Contracting Parties," it was given him to negotiate a treaty which helped to bring ruin upon the enemy of his country. How to negotiate with a perfected skill never degenerating into craft, how to form such a scheme of policy that his country might be brought to adopt it without swerving, and how to pursue this always, promoting it steadily abroad, and gradually forcing the home Government to go all lengths in its support, this he knew; and he was moreover so gifted by nature that, whether men studied his despatches, or whether they listened to his spoken words, or whether they were only bystanders caught and fascinated by the grace of his presence, they could scarcely help thinking that if the English nation was to be maintained in peace or drawn into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man who looked so worthy to fix its destiny as Sir Stratford Canning. He had faults which made him an imperfect Christian, for his temper was fierce, and his assertion of self was so closely involved in his conflicts that he followed up his opinions with his feelings and with the whole strength of his imperious nature. But his fierce temper being always under control when purposes of state so required, was far from being an infirmity, and was rather a weapon of exceeding sharpness, for it was so wielded by him as to have more tendency to cause dread and surrender than to generate resistance. Then, too, every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied, and to convey therefore the idea of duration. As though yielding to fate itself, the Turkish mind used to bend and fall down before him.

Subsequently, in reference to the disaster at Sinope, Mr. Kinglake finds it necessary to admit, that

While the power and habit of concentrating all energy in a single channel of action was one of the qualities which gave force and grandeur to Lord Stratford in the field of diplomacy, it also seems to have had the effect of preventing him from casting a glance beyond the range of his profession.

And that—

When the exigencies of the time called upon him to perform duties not commonly falling within the sphere of a diplomatist, his mind refused to act.

It appears that he had full notice from the Turkish commander at Sinope, and from other sources, that the Russian squadron was hovering over that place, and that an attack was imminent. He was authorized by his Government to bring up the English and French fleets, in case the Russian fleet should come out of Sebastopol; yet he did nothing until actual intelligence of the disaster arrived. His own apology for the omission seems quite inadequate:—

Rumours of Russian ships of the line being at sea have occasionally prevailed for some time. Uncertainty of information, a wish to avoid as long as possible the chances of a collision, the arrival of a new French ambassador, and the state of the weather, were natural causes of demur in coming to a decision as to sending the squadrons into the Black Sea at this time of the year.

Mr. Kinglake with justice remarks that, if there were reasons against sending the squadrons to sea at that time, some humbler means of obtaining information ought to have been resorted to; and, with equal justice, asks why nothing was done upon the alarming despatch which Lord Stratford received by express from Samsom four days before the catastrophe, or upon the still more alarming appeal which came from the Turkish commander at Sinope. The state of the weather, if it did not prevent the Russian fleet from hovering about in the Black Sea, can hardly have been such as to prevent the English fleet from entering the same waters. It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that we have scarcely got to the bottom of this part of the business. And yet there is no part of it to the bottom of which it is more necessary to get, if we are thoroughly to understand the causes of the disasters which followed; for, as Lord Stratford must well have known, the destruction of the Turkish squadron at Sinope was war. From that moment all hope of accommodation was gone. The intricate knot of the negotiations was cut by that decisive blow. The spirit of this country was wound up to a pitch of fury which no Government could withstand, and from that moment Lord Palmerston was master of the English Cabinet, and could and would have instantly turned out his colleagues if they had attempted to cling to peace.

No one can dispute Lord Stratford's extraordinary abilities as a diplomatist. They are placed by the present narrative in a still clearer light than before. But those who concur with

Mr. Kinglake in thinking that the war might have been avoided, will infallibly ask, whenever they discuss these events, whether the personal rivalry notoriously existing between Lord Stratford and the Emperor Nicholas—and which, in fact, amounted, on one part at least, to a personal hostility of the most rancorous kind—ought not to have been taken into consideration by our Government when they were sending an ambassador to Constantinople to control Turkish fanaticism and keep the peace of Europe? "The bare thought of the Greek Church in Turkey being under the protection of 'Canning,' was the very one which could, at any moment, change the Czar from an able man of business to an almost irresponsible king." Lord Stratford may, as Mr. Kinglake suggests, have been unconscious of the extent of his power over the mind of Nicholas; but the Ministry cannot have been unconscious of the general state of the case. Granting that the antipathy was absurd, at all events in its intensity, still, under the circumstances, it formed a practical danger of the gravest kind, such as no Minister with his eyes open could fail to see; and in point of fact, it turned out to be the weight in the balance which inclined the agitated and fluctuating mind of the Emperor to the side of war. Lord Stratford would, of course, have been too magnanimous to put his claims to the embassy at Constantinople for a moment in competition with the interests of the country and of the world, when a question involving the lives of hundreds of thousands hung in the scale. The very fact that his claims were so transcendent as to admit of no question rendered it easy for him to retire at that moment, not only without loss of dignity, but with a great accession of real honour. Did any want of courage mingle with the motives which governed Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues in this matter? if so, this is not the least melancholy page in English history.

We will pass to the conduct of the Emperor of the French, and the rest of the causes of war which occupy this volume in our next notice. But in the meantime justice requires us to complete Mr. Kinglake's enumeration of those causes by the addition of two, which, although he does not pass them over, he fails, we venture to think, to bring into due prominence. We mention them, without wishing to speak for or against any particular policy, simply as necessary to the integrity of history.

The first of these causes was, the condition of the Turkish empire. Had Turkey been an independent nation, self-subsisting, and in the enjoyment of national rights, these complications and calamities never could have happened. But Turkey had ceased to be an independent nation, or to be treated as an independent nation by any of the Powers who professed to respect her integrity and to uphold her interests. She had fallen under a mixed protectorate of different foreign Governments, who were always carrying on a contest for their respective share of influence, which was certain at last to plunge the world in war. Lord Stratford, if anybody, was the sovereign, and the Emperor Nicholas was his rival. Mr. Kinglake describes Lord Stratford's arrival at Constantinople as the angry return of a king whose realm had been suffered to fall into danger. And in another place he says that when Nicholas found that "Lord Stratford was calmly exercising a protectorate of all the churches in Turkey, including the very Church of him, the Czar, him the Father, him the Pontiff of Eastern Christendom, he was wrought into such a condition of mind that his fury broke away from the restraint of even the very pride which begot it." Candour must admit that if the Turkish Government had practically abdicated its dominion over large classes of its own subjects, the Czar had at least as good a right as the English Ambassador to the protectorate, at all events, of the Greek churches; and that it is not wonderful that he should have tried to assert his right. From a state of things under which an empire in the throes of dissolution was ostensibly the ward, and really the prey, of five other Governments, interminable bickering, and at last a general quarrel was sure to result; and due allowance must be made on this score for those who might otherwise be condemned by history as personally responsible for the war.

The second of the two causes to be added to the list expressly mentioned by Mr. Kinglake is the presence in the English Cabinet of an eminent and powerful statesman, strong in diplomatic experience, and in his command of all the arts and sources of popularity, who was, from the beginning, bent on a separate alliance with the Emperor of the French, and eager, with him as an ally, to deal a blow against Russia. Mr. Kinglake justly says that while every other member of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet would probably, if he had now the opportunity, undo what was then done, Lord Palmerston alone would do it again. It was, in fact, his doing, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French. He it was who, immediately after the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the Empire, hastened, drawn by strong affinities of tendency and sentiment, to make him a personal confederate and ally; and who, for the moment, sacrificed office to that object. He it was who, when these negotiations began, drew England away from co-operation with Austria and Prussia, placed her in separate connexion with France, and made himself the medium through which the pressure of the French Emperor was put upon the Premier and those members of the English Cabinet who were desirous of peace. When the Cabinet hesitated, even after the disaster of Sinope, to cast the fatal die, he resigned; and when, after a secession of ten days, he withdrew his resignation, the fatal die was cast. There were among the opposite party in that Cabinet good and able men, but there was no man strong enough to stand in a storm against those who could wield its fury, even when the prize of constancy was

the honour of what Lord Aberdeen and those who thought with him would have deemed the greatest service that man can render to his kind. These are the facts of history, let men interpret and judge them as they may.

NO NAME AND THALATTA.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has again produced one of his ingenious puzzles. He has worked out once more a novel that is plot and nothing else but plot. *No Name* has all the faults, but it has all the merits, of this kind of fiction. It is a mere puzzle, in which the artist moves his puppets so as to make us wonder what is to be the end of them. We do not care, and are not meant to care, about the characters of the story. Indeed, nothing could be more unattractive than the main basis of the fiction. A girl, angry at finding that her illegitimacy deprives her of her father's money, determines to cheat the heir out of it by marrying him under an assumed name. The heir, a selfish foolish invalid, is protected by a sly, sleek housekeeper; and the whole point of the story, the one source of interest it possesses, is the contest between these two deceitful, wicked, obstinate women. Will the pretty bad girl get the fool to marry her, or will the adroit, audacious, catlike housekeeper keep the fool to herself? This is the riddle we are asked to follow to its solution. It is a game which we are invited to watch, because the turns of the game itself have an interest quite apart from the moral character of the players. All that criticism has to say against this reduction of fiction to a puzzle and a contest of low artifices is too obvious, and has been said too often, to make it necessary to repeat it here. It is more important to notice the merits of this sort of book. Criticism says that Mr. Wilkie Collins invents a puzzling plot, and does nothing more. This is true; but then it is so very difficult to invent a puzzling plot. Any one who has ever tried to sketch a story—and most clever young people have had moments when they fancied they could write one—will remember that there were many things that came at once when called for, and which the instinct or genius of the composer seemed quite ready to furnish. There were the descriptions of scenery; the moral reflections; the colour of the heroine's eyes and hair; the inner state of the head lover's mind; the views on the Church, and on the scheme of creation, and the true aim of life—all these welled up spontaneously in the breast of the fertile dreamer. But between him and an embodied dream there was the great barrier of an unimagined plot. Who was the heroine to be; and why was she to be unhappy; and who was to bring in the philosophy; and how on earth was it to come in naturally? These are the fatal questions which have caused so many possible novels of the single-volume kind to die unborn. A good plot—a plot that interests, excites, and properly balances bewilderment and explanation—is a very considerable effort of the mind, and one which demands great practice, patience, and inventiveness. To have devised and worked out the plot of *No Name* is a sign of mental qualities that are by no means common, and we do not wonder that Mr. Wilkie Collins is so well pleased with his productions as his preface shows him to be. In order to do him justice, we ought to compare him not only with writers of real genius, but with the authors of the other sort of current popular novel—the novel where there is no plot that could cost ten minutes' thought, but where there is any amount of digression, sentiment, and description. We shall then understand what Mr. Wilkie Collins means when he tells us that he regards himself as an artist in the construction of fiction.

An excellent specimen is at hand. A tale called *Thalatta* has been reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*, and is a kind of prize tulip of the particular species of story which it appears to be the mission of that periodical to send forth to the world. The novelists there, with one or two exceptions, seem to be jaded, worldly, sentimental men, with enormous classical learning, knowledge of women, taste for sporting, and power of philosophizing on everything under the sun. The author of *Thalatta* pictures himself to us as a meditative, weary, ambitious man, who is cheered up—and scarcely cheered up—by a sea voyage towards the North Pole, under the burden of explaining the secrets of English politics, the nature of truth, the side scenes of the Venetian opera, the sufferings of his heart in Belgravia, and his strength and skill in wild-duck shooting. Why should such a man be expected to go through the bore of making a plot for us? At any rate, he does not consider himself bound to take the trouble. There is no story at all. So far as politics go, the tale is supposed to be connected with the fortunes of a fictitious hero of a politician, who is a mixture of Canning and Mr. Disraeli, has written quantities of clever novels, has been Premier for six years, makes war with the Emperor, declares in Parliament that he will call a new world to redress the balance of the old, and dies of a despatch from Vienna. This mixture of two actual, and a third unborn statesman, has been stated by a friendly critic to be a masterpiece of quiet irony. It is useful to know that the irony exists, for it is so uncommonly quiet that it might otherwise pass unnoticed. But not only is there no story—there is hardly a chapter that has any coherence in it. It is either all description or all views. Sometimes there is an imitation of Mr. Disraeli's novels, sometimes of those of the author of *Guy Livingstone*. We have a description of

* *No Name*. By Wilkie Collins. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1862.
Thalatta. The Great Commoner. A Political Romance. London: Parker, Son, & Bourn. 1862.

a London club, or of statesmen basking in the sun, or else we have subtle observations on women, and a burst of that chastened frenzy which, in such minds, follows the sudden recollection of *Æschylus* or the sea. But these pearls are not strung together, and we are obliged to content ourselves with being charmed and dazzled by each separately. It would, however, unquestionably add to their effect if there were some apparent reason for their introduction.

When we are forced, as in *Thalatta*, to go without plot, and without any connexion between the different utterances of the author's feelings, we are offered in return the compensation of style and thought. *Thalatta* abounds in the overflowing of that astonishing classicism which has so strong a hold over the tastes of this variety of fiction writer. The family of Mr. Warrender, who is so far the hero that he has a feeble first lover's part assigned him, is stated to be a "*seva Pelopis domus*." The niece of a Scotch fisherman is revealed to us as "*Venus Anadyomene*." The two principal young ladies are sketched in their bedroom, and are termed "*solutis gratie zonis*." And then there is in profusion the usual accompaniment of these classicisms. There are the standing Norse allusions, which Mr. Carlyle taught to Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Kingsley to the author of *Thalatta*. The use of the Norse is to add a sombre power to the gracefulness of the classicism. There is no mistaking what sort of a man is meant when he is announced as a "Viking." Of Warrender, for example, we are told that "the ruthless mockery, the flashing scorn, the iron hardihood of heart and nerve, were inherited from his Norse kin, and smelt of the brine." This quite lets us know what sort of person he was; and we are prepared to like and respect him. But although the familiar classical poets and the Odin legends are the main props of the author's writing, yet he has a command of a vast variety of subjects from which to enrich his composition. Of course, there is nature painting, but that does not go for much now-a-days. We know almost too well the "bright jagged coils of red granite that run into the green water," the "lustrous silence of the autumn evening," and so on, although the author of *Thalatta* seems to us to do them with more than ordinary neatness and reserve. But it is art that supplies him with allusions, theories, and brilliant sentences which are really novel. There are thoughts and imaginings about art in *Thalatta* that are not to be met with every day. "Troy," for instance, we read, "would never have been sacked had Helen, as she hung over her golden shuttle, expressed her passion in a soprano." If this is true, it is worth knowing.

But, as the author of *Thalatta* himself says, "the novel is the great literary vehicle of the present day," and it is principally as a literary vehicle that *Thalatta* ought to be regarded. It is a repository of the author's views. There is a longish chapter, more especially, headed "What is Truth?" and when we get to it we naturally hope to have the cream of the author's philosophy. A one-volume novel is something like a literary vehicle if it can tell us what truth is. The author's view is, that every man who tells the truth as it seems to him tells as much truth as we have a right to expect to learn; but that, if what he thinks to be true is not true, he will "knock his head perpetually against the universe." Mr. Carlyle has attempted to express the same opinion through literary vehicles of an inferior kind. The author also speculates on the limits of toleration, the proper mode of keeping the Sabbath, the doctrine of final reprobation, the relations of the State to the individual, the shortcomings of the Whigs, and many other minor topics. And the mode in which these speculations are carried on enables us to judge of the merits and demerits of such a novel as *Thalatta*, as a literary vehicle. It is quite true that the novel is a literary vehicle which has special advantages of its own, for it enables the writer instantly to embalm and preserve the thoughts that pass through his mind. He need not stop to think whether, after all, they are true or new; for, at the worst, they are put into the mouth of fictitious personages, and it is these people, and not the author, who give us the crude speculations, if they are crude. He has a right to draw his characters as he pleases, and he chooses to describe a sort of people who think on difficult subjects, and say what comes uppermost. This prevents his views from being lost, and yet guards against their being taken for more than they are worth, and being supposed, too absolutely, to be the real results of his philosophy. On the other hand, although the writer gains in this way, the reader is used as a sort of hedge on which the writer hangs out the fabric he has woven, to see whether it will come white in the sun. The speculations of *Thalatta* have an indisputable value to the writer, for they are a part of his mental wealth; and we may say, in passing, that on many points his views, if a little vague, are in our opinion sound and discreet. But they are not necessarily part of our mental wealth, for we may have had them before. It does not profit us that a new literary vehicle should repeat those views about the errors of the different Whig Ministries which, fifteen years ago, were promulgated in *Coningsby* and its successors; or that it should give a sensible dissertation on the bad effects of the Puritan Sabbath. In short, the great merit of the novel as a literary vehicle is, that it lures the author on to think a little, and to put down what he thinks. Its demerit is that it entails on the reader a statement of opinions that are either familiar or half formed, and this statement could scarcely be thought endurable were it not for the enlivening vesture of classical tags and Viking poetry with which it is adorned.

It is easy to see that a book of this sort presents as complete a contrast as possible to the works of Mr. Collins. He does not

treat the novel as a literary vehicle. He has no views, no philosophy, no thoughts about reprobation or the Whigs. He does not sketch heroines, like the first girl in *Thalatta*, "with fawn-like look and auburn eyes." He does not trouble himself about dying statesmen. But he offers about as nearly even betting as he can contrive for and against a furious plausible young lady outwitting a wily housekeeper. When, by many a cunning stroke of art and an infinity of subtle contrivances, he at last lets it dawn upon us that it is really about five to four on Miss Magdalene, he has worked his work and fulfilled the mission of his heart. Which of the two kinds of novel is really the best, we will not attempt now to decide. But if art means something which requires labour and forethought, and a subordination of parts to a whole, then we can understand how it is that Mr. Collins—surveying the yearly crop of books of gushing meditations, published as fictions because a fawn-eyed maiden and a Viking make a little love in their pages, and knowing how little trouble they must have cost, in proportion to the pleasure they have afforded to the mind that produced them—boldly claims to be an artist.

M. LOUIS BLANC'S FRENCH REVOLUTION*

THE twelfth volume terminates M. Louis Blanc's elaborate and remarkable work. Notwithstanding its peculiarities and defects, his eloquent history will occupy a distinct and permanent place among the narratives of the French revolution. Popular French historians, in their anxiety to propagate a doctrine, or to glorify a hero, are rarely dispassionate or neutral. M. Thierry's ethnological crotchets, or M. Michelet's political antipathies, are as incompatible with judicial impartiality as M. Thiers's idolatry of Napoleon. The enthusiasm of advocacy is not unfavourable to literary effect; but the vivid presentation of one side of a dispute falls far short of genuine history. As a professed Jacobin and Socialist, M. Louis Blanc is not so much an advocate as a litigant, thoroughly impressed with the justice of his own cause, and incapable of appreciating the arguments of the adversary. Every candid reader will admit the claim to honesty of purpose with which he concludes the postscript to his work:—"I pity any man who, in reading this book, should fail to recognise in it the tone of a sincere voice, and the beating of a heart greedy for justice." It would be grossly unfair to compare M. Louis Blanc's erroneous conclusions with the deliberate unveracity of Thiers, or the reckless redomontade of Lamartine. Nevertheless, he shares with his contemporaries the habit of interpreting facts according to preconceived theories, and the belief that history is intended to illustrate controversy rather than to record events. Having, by a singular effort of unconscious imagination, thrown himself back into a former generation, he partakes of the illusions, the passions, and the credulity of seventy years ago. His almost unequalled incapacity to balance evidence is best explained by his profound familiarity with the state of mind which expressed itself in the debates of the Convention, and in the sentences of the revolutionary tribunals. It would be difficult at the present day to find even in France an obsolete Royalist who would gravely repeat the reactionary jargon of the emigrant camps or of the exiled Court. It is the merit or the characteristic of Jacobinism, that from a political faith it effervesced into a sectarian creed, which now shares the common exemption of religious fanaticism from the control of reason. M. Louis Blanc believes in Robespierre, not as an historian regards his hero, but as a Jesuit in the early ages of the order revered Ignatius Loyola, or as Habakkuk Mucklewrath might have believed in Knox. It is interesting to learn from his postscript that he was educated as a zealous Royalist, the son of a father who had narrowly escaped the guillotine by which the grandfather perished. In the same manner, it has often been observed that rigid Puritan families furnish the readiest supply of converts to Romanism.

One of the oddest and most harmless instances of M. Louis Blanc's traditional delusion is to be found in his grave adoption, among the articles of the revolutionary faith, of the rhetorical dogma which affirmed the malignant ubiquity of Pitt. All the contending factions were in the habit of attributing the conduct of their respective enemies to English agency, as habitually as they compared themselves to Brutus and Cato, and their opponents to Catiline. Yet it is doubtful whether the Girondists really believed that Pitt bribed Robespierre to assail them, and whether the Jacobin apostle himself sincerely attributed to the same cause the insubordination of Hebert and Chaumette. The modern historian, converting, after the manner of theologians, metaphor into fact, insinuates the hypothesis of English interference on the sole authority of orators who even at the moment scarcely affected to believe their own assertions. If the rabble was on any occasion too bloodthirsty for Robespierre himself, it was not the true people, but a subsidized mob with its pockets full of guineas, which by some unexplained contrivance obtained temporary possession of the streets. It never occurs to M. Louis Blanc to inquire how the money was transmitted, or who were the intervening agents between the Ministry in London and the spurious murderers at Paris. Only when Girondists or Thermidorians adapt the same machinery to their own purposes is a judicious scepticism aroused. It was fitting that orthodox St. Anthony should be persecuted by devils, but who was an Arian impostor that he should presume to incur the hostility of the Powers of Darkness? In the disturbance of May 20, 1795, or of Prairial, one of the rioters who demanded

* *Histoire de la Révolution Française*. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tom. 12^{me}.

bread was said to have been found with a piece of bread in his pocket, "and the Thermidorians took advantage of this shabby trick to spread a belief that want was not the cause of the movement, because the people had bread in its pockets, and that all the mischief came from the schemes of England!" The transition from a crust of bread to a plotting government is sufficiently startling; but the party of Thermidor had as good a right to the argument as their Jacobin predecessors. When a compromise with the insurgents was proposed, "Legendre absurdly exclaimed, If this measure is adopted, the English Government is lost." The remark was sufficiently ridiculous, but was justified by numerous revolutionary precedents which M. Louis Blanc has recorded with approbation.

It was barely conceivable that Mr. Pitt might have encouraged disturbances in Paris; but his assistance in the depreciation of French paper money was altogether superfluous. Nevertheless, it is stated that "Vernier, a grave and moderate character," announced that

the Cabinet of St. James's is the principal cause of the fall of assignats. This is its mode of operation: when our assignats are advantageously current (prosperent) abroad, it causes them to be circulated in profusion, and sold cheap. When the louis sells for 260 livres at the Palais Royal, the emissaries of the English Government make it rise to 400 livres. These perverse men, who observe the course of our dealings, announce that such and such townships have received assignats from the National Treasury, and that the price of gold which they require to procure provisions must be doubled. Thus the national beneficence tends to the detriment of the nation by the intrigues of Pitt's emissaries.

It is as unnecessary as it is impossible to follow the thread of the grave and moderate Vernier's reasoning, and it is obvious that he had no evidence to confirm his own unintelligible assumptions; yet M. Louis Blanc thinks it worth while to quote this nonsense at length, and to certify the respectability of its author. It is true that he adds that assignats could scarcely prosper in foreign countries, and that the hypothesis of emissaries from Pitt was not necessary to explain "the infamous manoeuvres of the Palais Royal." He takes occasion, however, to repeat a charge which is not urged by the grave and moderate Vernier, of complicity on the part of the English Government in the forgery of assignats, and he apparently supposes that he has brought the accusation home to Mr. Windham if not to Mr. Pitt.

The proof of the charge is contained in two letters from emigrants, one of which is cited, and in an ambiguous extract from the *Annual Register*, which was then hostile to the Government. "In the papers of Puisaye we find a letter relating to the manufacture of forged assignats, in which St. Morys's daughter asks the Marquis Dumesnil to obtain an order from Mr. Windham for making forty pounds of ink." Emigrant young ladies are not unlikely to suppose that the plans of their own friends and relatives are favoured by the highest authorities. A jury would require some proof that Marquis Dumesnil asked for the ink, that Mr. Windham granted the request, and above all, that he knew that it was to be used for the forgery of assignats. Jacobin historians skim more lightly over the crevices and interstices of testimony, and they are ready to convict on the statement of any unknown witness that he believed or professed himself to believe in the guilt of the accused. A priest engaged in the forgeries reports to Puisaye a conversation with the Bishop of Léon, who had suspended him for his share in the transaction. "The bishop said that he knew from the mouth of His Britannic Majesty's Ministers that they disapproved our association and its objects; besides, said he, it is a political affair. I answered him coldly, that I thought with him, that it was a mere matter of policy (*que c'était par pur politique*)." On this impudent repartee M. Louis Blanc observes, that the document is important as proving that the English Ministers knew perfectly well the fact of the fabrication of forged assignats by Puisaye, that they tolerated it, and that they "professed to disapprove of it, in the presence of men of the Bishop of Léon's character, only as a matter of policy." There can be no doubt that the Ministers knew of the indirect courses of the emigrants; and as no English criminal law was violated, they thought it unnecessary to interfere for the protection of an implacable enemy; but the Bishop of Léon knew that they disapproved of the proceeding, and he added that the disposition of the English Government was a political matter (*affaire de politique*), while his own reproach to his subordinate was founded on moral and religious grounds. It was the contumacious priest, and not the bishop, who took advantage of the double meaning of the word *politique*, and it is on this quibble that M. Louis Blanc professedly rests his argument.

According to the *Annual Register*, "a constant correspondence was kept up between the Royalists in La Vendée and Mr. Windham. The money with which they were supplied consisted at first in false assignats, afterwards in louis-d'ors and guineas, and lastly, in English bank notes." The writer may possibly have intended to suggest that Mr. Windham supplied the Vendéans with the forged currency; but his own statement goes far to prove the innocence of the political opponent whom he may have intended to damage. If the English Government at first provided forged assignats, it ought to be explained why it afterwards resorted to the more valuable currency of guineas and bank notes. Count Puisaye, through whom the supplies were transmitted, had organized the forgeries of the assignats, and as long as he relied on his own resources he probably furnished his allies with spurious paper. When he afterwards sent guineas, he was evidently the agent of the English Government, and it is not even hinted that the forged issue was resumed during the joint operations. That an English Minister should officially send large supplies of forged

notes to foreign confederates is, to an Englishman acquainted with the ordinary course of public business, almost incredible. The evidence on which the charge is founded would not be considered strong enough to decide a half-crown bet on the most insignificant subject of dispute.

Those who are familiar with M. Louis Blanc's mode of thought will be surprised to find that he devotes a separate chapter to the curious question of the identity of the child who died in the Temple on June 8, 1795. After an unusually minute examination of the evidence, the historian inclines to the opinion that a dumb child was substituted for the son of Louis XVI., when the infamous Simon resigned his post at the Temple, two days after the revolution of Thermidor. The keepers who afterwards attended the prisoner made contradictory statements in later years, and M. Louis Blanc judiciously rejects the sycophantic reports of wise and sentimental sayings, which were supposed to befit a martyred Dauphin. It seems, from the evidence, to be uncertain whether the captive was heard to speak during the eleven months which intervened between the departure of Simon and his own death. He was kept in a dark room, where it would have been difficult to recognise his features; and Dr. Desault, who visited him in his last illness, died a few days after, under suspicion of poison. To many historical inquirers the investigation would be as interesting as the established puzzles of Junius and the Man in the Iron Mask; but M. Louis Blanc is not an ingenuous disengaged essayist, but an earnest preacher of a controverted creed. His motive for discussing the question is suggested by his answer to the obvious objection that, if the King's son had really escaped, he must have been traced and recognised. It must be remembered, says M. Louis Blanc, that the Dauphin was not yet nine years old, and that he was, therefore, at the mercy of every kind of plot. Europe was in confusion, the royalist party was a nest of intrigue, and "the Count of Provence, who was to succeed to the Crown in default of a direct heir, united to profound cunning the most violent desire to be king." It is true that Louis XVIII. was selfish, cold-blooded, and ambitious, but the insinuation that he caused the disappearance of his nephew is utterly unjustifiable. The old question, *Cui bono?* who is to profit by the crime? is only applicable when it has first been established that the crime was actually committed. The same episode furnishes a similar instance of M. Louis Blanc's unconscious partiality; for he taunts with their inhumanity the members of the Committee of General Security, who, in November or December 1794, affected to repudiate the intention of improving the prisoner's condition. Yet in February 1795, the same Committee sent three deputies to the Temple, who offered the child toys, pet birds, a dog, and even playfellows of his own age. A year before, under the saintly Robespierre, so visible a defection from the principles of the Revolution would assuredly have involved a reference to Fouquier Tinville and the guillotine. The doubt which has been raised will perhaps never be positively solved, but some difficulties, which have not occurred to M. Louis Blanc, interfere with the theory of the Dauphin's escape. The cruelty of substituting an ordinary child for the Royal victim was not in the manner of the time; nor would it have been consistent with even Thermidorian principles to poison an unoffending physician. It is necessary to account not only for the prisoner who is supposed to have escaped, but for the child who undoubtedly died in the Temple; and it may be added, that if Louis XVIII. and the Duchess of Angoulême had a motive for not discovering the heir to the throne, the revolutionary Government might naturally encourage any doubt which tended to discredit the title of the Count of Provence.

The interval between the fall of Robespierre and the accession of the Directory supplies a mournful subject to a Jacobin historian. M. Louis Blanc shows that the "White Terror," or revenge of the reactionists on their former oppressors, was, in some parts of France, almost as cruel and bloody as the more notorious violence of Robespierre and his accomplices. The world has not been convinced by sincere and eloquent paradoxes that government by systematic murder is compatible with the virtue and wisdom which M. Louis Blanc attributes to the ruling criminal. It is just that the more obscure atrocities which were perpetrated in the South of France on the fallen Jacobins should in turn be exposed to general detestation; yet the whole course of the narrative shows that the Thermidorian period was principally characterized by reaction against tyranny and massacre. The punishment of the principal associates of Marat and Robespierre may be contemplated with unmingled satisfaction. It was strictly just to put Carrier and Lebon to death, and undue clemency was exercised in the penal banishment of Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes. If all parties in 1795 attempted to injure their opponents by denouncing them as Terrorists, there can scarcely be a better proof that the wickedness of the Committee of Public Safety had become as intolerable to the generation which permitted its outrages, as it has since been abhorrent to the feelings and conscience of mankind. M. Louis Blanc himself, although he reveres Robespierre, and regards the Septembrist Billaud Varennes with tenderness, cannot but admit that the murders of the Reign of Terror were mistakes as well as crimes. He has not perceived that the social economy of 1793 and 1794 was inseparably connected with the never-resting guillotine. It is true that, as he complains, political economy is founded on individualism, or in other words, on the assumption that every man ought to attend to his own business. Bastiat in his *Harmonies*, and many other writers, have produced strong arguments in support of the

opinion that economical laws are as beneficent as the material processes of Nature. It is at least certain, if not laudable, that when men are left to themselves, they will pursue their own interest, and the Committee of Public Safety only interrupted the experiment by the forcible demonstration that life is even dearer than property. The currency of assignats was supported by a maximum price on all articles of ordinary consumption, and although the law was incessantly evaded by buyers and sellers, the guillotine prevented it from becoming utterly inoperative. Men prefer the cheapest market for buying and the dearest for selling, but they are still more solicitous to keep their heads on their shoulders. Fraternity and social disinterestedness were exactly co-extensive with personal fear, and as soon as bargains could be made with impunity, the laws of trade resumed their usual course. Assignats fell because they were plentiful; and bread rose because it was scarce. The ignorant rhetoricians of the Convention declaimed against stock-jobbers, speculators, and regraters; but M. Louis Blanc is on the whole justified in connecting the state of the currency and the distress of Paris with the fall of Robespierre. Paper money secured by capital punishment would never have become absolutely worthless. The Convention was on one occasion shocked to find that bread had been offered for sale at twenty-two francs a pound, but it is stated that about the same time the louis d'or, or piece of 20 francs, was worth 400 francs in paper. The price of bread, therefore, though unusually high, was not fabulously excessive, and the Convention appears to have discovered no remedy for the inconvenience, except to denounce the dealers as thieves. The population of Paris had been fed by requisitions on the country districts, which, on the relaxation of the Jacobin system of administration, effectually resisted the seizure of their property. It was natural that the poorer classes in the capital, who had furnished a proportionally small tribute to the devouring guillotine, should regret the happy period of the maximum and its concomitant murders. The concurrence of thirty-two out of the forty-eight sections in the anti-Jacobin insurrection of *Vendémiaire* shows that all classes in Paris, except the lowest, were hostile to the system of Terror.

It was unavoidable that the long series of M. Louis Blanc's volumes should give rise to a succession of hostile criticisms from the sincere opponents of his historical judgments, and of his political doctrines. He is entitled to apology and retraction if his literary powers or his personal character have in any case been inadvertently treated with disrespect. He is evidently convinced of the truth and importance of the principles which he advocates; and although he misinterprets history, he is wholly incapable of wilful falsification. It is impossible to read his work without perceiving that it is written by a man of honour as well as of rare ability. A summary examination of some fragments of his history is necessarily imperfect, and one purpose of the commentary is attained if it calls attention to the original text. The concluding chapter of the history is a comprehensive and brilliant summary of the argument which has been consistently pursued through twelve animated volumes. The transcendent greatness of the Convention will not be admitted by those who believe in the ordinary rules of morality and of prudence; but all who wish to form an impartial judgment of the French Revolution will do well to suspend their decision until they have studied M. Louis Blanc.

THE NEW BABYLON.*

THE literary police of the French Empire find as much difficulty in dealing with authors and journalists as the English police in grappling with garrotters; and the quiet people of London cannot well be more startled from their propriety by the immediate dread of physical strangulation than the Imperial authorities by the fear of the moral pressure or punishment administered by the press. At one time, they were content to avert the poison circulated in the shape of printed columns from the people at large, leaving the dangerous class of writers to do their worst with the higher sort of readers through books. But latterly they have discovered that they cannot afford so much. A truth-telling and popular octavo or duodecimo may inoculate thousands; and dangerous impressions may be sown broadcast by an essayist or historian who draws or insinuates ingenious parallels between ancient and modern despotism or corruption.

If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries, That is level'd at me.

We all remember the compromising zeal of the Sergeant of Gendarmes, who, hearing a man, soon after the *Coup d'Etat*, crying out, "*Le coquin, le voleur, le brigand*," &c., collared him, exclaiming, "*Vous parlez du Président?*" "*Non, Monsieur, je parlais de mon boucher.*" One would have thought that the resulting ridicule would have cured the friends of order of this kind of undue zeal for some time to come; yet the lesson, if not altogether without effect, has clearly not proved durable, for M. de Persigny and his subordinates are constantly repeating, in a less palpable form, the laughable blunder of the Sergeant. M. Michelet's *Sorciers* has been prohibited, by way, we presume, of challenging attention to sundry recent doings and proceedings that will not bear the light; and the sale of *La Nouvelle Babylone* has been suddenly stopped after the circulation of an entire edition had familiarized the educated public with the comparison

it was especially intended to suggest. "*The New Babylon!*" "*You are speaking of Paris.*" "*Sardanapalus, indeed!*" "*You mean the Emperor.*" Accordingly the cap is handed over and put on, and all Europe is invited to pass an opinion on the fit. Considering that the Emperor himself is an ex-journalist, a speculative essayist, and about to challenge criticism as a classical historian, a greater degree of freedom ought surely to be conceded to his *confrères*. In the course of his studies on the Cæsars, he must surely have met with the saying of Augustus, "*Let us leave men the liberty of speaking evil of us, provided we take from them that of doing us any.*" It may be provoking to have one's boasted patriotism or philanthropy attributed to selfish motives, and one's cherished policy exposed; but if Frenchmen cannot read, they will talk, and talk the more mischievously when restricted in newspapers and books.

La Nouvelle Babylone is written in the character of a Provincial, and hardly any view or opinion is positively stated or laid down. Thus, the street improvements of Paris are discussed at a *soirée* given by a certain baroness, who is fond of collecting notabilities and oddities. An old general, after doing his best to prove that the aim of every government for the last hundred years had been to prevent the capital from becoming the stronghold of insurrection, proceeds:—

Well, experience has proved the insufficiency of all the preceding plans. This government has had the good sense to complete the first system of defence. It has pushed the Rue de Rivoli up to the Rue St. Antoine. It has sapped the opaque compact quarters of Saint Denis and Saint Martin; it has cut this quarter-general of insurrection into five or six pieces that could be attacked or turned with cavalry or artillery; it has disengaged the Hotel de Ville and has covered it with a barrack which commands at the same time the quay and the Rue de Rivoli; it has raised at the extremity of the central *halles* a blockhouse in stone, which commands the point of Saint Eustache; it has constructed at the entrance of the Faubourg of the Temple the monumental barrack of Prince Eugene; lastly, it has finished the *place d'armes* of the Louvre and the Carrousel. The position could not now be carried without cannon. This is a weapon which revolt does not find at the gunmaker's. This is the reason why Paris has been demolished. The object is to make an intrenched camp of Paris and a quadrilateral of the Louvre; with that and the Imperial Guard for garrison, the principle of authority may go to sleep. The honest population will not see again men in aprons with a pot of paste in their hands gravely placarding the streets with the announcement of a new government.

The general, satisfied with his demonstration, retires to make way for a younger theorist:—

"You have heard the General. He married at seventy a girl of eighteen, and the very evening of the wedding he told her, 'We shall pass the first twelve months of the year in the country.' You see he dreams of nothing but plans of defence. . . . No, when the Prefect turned Paris topsyturvy, it was not for fear of a chimera, but by an inspiration of genius. His heart was modern enough to feel that a Democratic power emanating from the universal ballot-box had the charge of the labouring class, and must find it bread. And find it how? From hand to hand as to a beggar, or to a Roman of the Cæsarian epoch? No, doubtless; but by finding him work, this primary right to live; the right to vote is, after all, but the right to philosophize, *primum vivere deinde philosophari*. The Latin is more expressive than the French."

"But this is neither more nor less than *le droit au travail*."

"You begin to comprehend my thought."

"But this is the first article of Socialism."

"Of Socialism from above and not from below. I beg you to remark the difference. . . . It is a bargain by which everybody gains. The workman gains his livelihood, the master a profit, the speculator a dividend, the population the beauty of the *coup d'etat*, the nurse a shaded square where she may dandle her baby; finally, the Government a guarantee of tranquillity; for when the workman works, he eats; and when he eats he thinks soundly: the digestion is conservative; it is the mind on short commons that dreams of revolution."

Whilst the guest is deliberating on these two solutions of the problem, the Baroness comes up with a third:—

"A sovereign people requires a capital elegant as a palace; an artistic people requires a capital splendid as a museum. The government has to understand this. The object in rebuilding Paris has been to put it in full dress in honour of the foreigner. The capital of the civilized world is surely entitled to a movement of *coquetterie*."

"Then it is a motive of luxury, and nothing but luxury, that you attribute in this instance to power."

"And if this were so, where would be the evil? Is not luxury the sign of the superior race over the inferior? As to myself, I declare I would rather go without dinner than without lace."

"For how long a time, Madame?"

"All my life, Monsieur."

In other words, she holds by the well-known feminine maxim, *Le seul superflu, c'est le nécessaire*—a maxim which, as the author goes on to show, exercises at the present time a widespread influence in France. As one infallible sign of the manners and morals of a nation, he takes dress—at all events, when the nation sets the fashions of the whole civilized world:—

The fashion is not so much as is believed a matter of chance. There is a mysterious connexion between the opinion of a people and its costume. Thus, at an epoch of thought or action, the cloth is economized—the body is covered, and that is all, but without amplifying it; taking care, on the contrary, to preserve all its suppleness and all its vivacity of movement.

At the epoch of the Fronde, and during the generation formed by it, the male costume was close in cut, and dark in colour, and the hair was worn naturally; the female robe, in long folds, hid and followed, without exaggerating, the undulations of the form. When Louis le Grand had fully established his artificial system of pomp, show, adulation, and hypocrisy, the appropriate dress of the scholar, the warrior, the dignified matron, and the modest virgin, was laid aside—

Thus, at the inspiration of this emphatic and false reign, the costume will be boastful, will be mendacious; it will be extended at all points, by the peruke and by the heel; people will be covered with ribbons from head to foot; they will be masked and painted. A vivacious Poitevine, named

* Eugène Pelletan—*La Nouvelle Babylone*. Lettres d'un Provincial. Paris: 1862.

Montespan, will invent the floating robe to expand her divinity and conceal her pregnancies. Finally, the Regency arrives to improve on Madame de Montespan, and invent the hoop. History in hand, it may be affirmed that the more an epoch loses the life of thought, the greater in circumference is the domain of the robe.

The theory must be admitted to be ingenious, whether fully confirmed by history or not; and this, we regret to say, is not the only instance in which a shot aimed at imperial and democratic France, hits monarchical and constitutional England on the rebound, for in light superficial matters we are confessedly an imitative race. But the author has not yet done with the momentous chapter of dress. After describing a lady who, having been indiscreetly compared to the Venus of Milo by a captain of cavalry, spends the day in meditating how near she can approximate to nudity without ceasing to be clothed, he proceeds:—

By dint of displaying women, luxury ends by stripping them of every sentiment of modesty. The easy duchesses of the Regency finished by choosing their *soubrettes* among their lackeys. It was their footmen who laced the stays or tied the knot of the cravat. Well, Sir, would you believe that in the nineteenth century may be seen milliners with beards; men, authentic men, men like the Zouaves, who with their massy hands take the exact dimensions of the Parisian women of the highest rank, dress them, undress them, make them turn round and round to be looked at, neither more nor less than the waxen busts in the shop windows of hair-dressers? You know the Rue de la Paix, so called because it celebrates war under the form of a column? There or thereabout is an Englishman, who enjoys a popularity far more universal in the world of furbelows than no-matter-what preacher on fasts. . . . When he tries a gown on a living doll of the Chausée d'Antin, it is with profound concentration that he feels, that he sounds, that he marks with chalk the faulty fold of the stuff. From time to time he draws back, and, to judge the better of his work, surveys it through an opera-glass at a distance, and then resumes, with an inspired finger, the interrupted modelling of the gown on the body of the patient. Sometimes he plants a flower in one place, or tries a bow of ribbon in another, to judge of the general harmony of the toilet: all this time, the new Eve, in process of formation, immovable and resigned, lets the creator finish his work in silence. At length, when he has moulded the stuff according to his ideal, he takes his position at the end of the saloon on a canopy, and, the head thrown back, directs the manœuvre with a wand. *A droite, Madame! A gauche! De face (Madame regarde l'artiste)! Par derrière (Elle montre la poitrine au maestro)!*

It is added that, on the evening of a grand ball, or any other extraordinary assembly of the fine world, the artist has a preliminary reception, which is attended by the ladies whose dresses have been made by him. Each appears before him in succession; and as some must be kept waiting for their turn, refreshments are served in an ante-room. Although rather highly coloured, this account is true in the main. An Englishman who began life as a painter, and did not succeed in that capacity, has started as a dressmaker in Paris, and the greatest eagerness is shown to secure his services. He is said to excel in design, invention, and the selection and assortment of colours; and he is particularly in request for fancy-dresses. It will be remembered that a male bonnet-maker, Herbault, was for many years at the top of his trade. It was he who told Lady Davy, on her complaining of the price charged for a plume of feathers, that the bare conception of it had cost him three sleepless nights. The adjustment of a bonnet, however, is a less delicate matter than the manipulation of a robe.

The literature and the drama of the last ten years are passed in review to illustrate the principle of demoralization that is at work. The encouragement given to quacks and charlatans, to table-turning and spirit-raising, by the Imperial believer in his star, is also a formidable item in the account; and a startling picture is drawn of the way in which the passion for smoking induces young men to desert the woman *comme il faut* for the *lorette*. Michelet maintains that tobacco has killed the kiss. Pelletan contends that it has closed the *salon*. Here, again, the degenerate youth of England must share the reproach. Indeed, the sweeping character of most of these censures is so far a guarantee for their harmlessness, that a dynasty or Government which quails under them, and resorts to suppression, betrays, by that act alone, a sense of insecurity far more damaging than the book.

HALLAM'S REMAINS.*

THE magnificent poetry of *In Memoriam* has secured for Arthur Hallam an abiding life wherever the English language is spoken; and we are, therefore, glad to see that this little volume containing his literary remains is at length regularly given to the world. His father, as many know, printed it for private circulation among his friends in 1834, and it would probably have continued in that doubtful state, without aiming at any more formal publication, but for the interest awakened, among the countless admirers of Tennyson, by the poet's idealization of his friend. Some persons, indeed, who are too young to remember Arthur Hallam himself, may think that it is ill-judged on the part of his relations to bring him at this distance of time before the public at all, on the ground that the moral and intellectual accomplishments attributed to him in the poem of which he is the hero are so supreme that they cannot see how it is possible for his real achievements, whatever they may have been, to come up to the expectations which have been thence inevitably formed. We do not share in these apprehensions. On the contrary, we believe that no competent critic can examine what this boy of twenty, in spite of broken health and other impediments, actually accomplished, without a deep sense of admiration. We believe, indeed, that a careful perusal of this little book will reflect back a new interest

* *Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam.* London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1862.

even upon *In Memoriam*, and that the public will learn how dearly that poem, immortal as it is, has been purchased by the premature withdrawal from among us of him whose mind and character it has enshrined in its verses for ever. Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of the eminent historian, was born in London on February 1, 1811. His precocious talents early displayed themselves in many attempts at dramatic composition; but, to use Mr. Hallam's words, "the natural pride of his parents did not blind them to the uncertainty that belongs to all premature efforts of the mind," and these juvenile productions were accordingly consigned to oblivion. In October 1822 he went to Eton, as the pupil of the late Dr. Hawtrey. Mr. Hallam, in the preface of 1834, observes—"The Latin poetry of an Etonian is generally reckoned at that school the chief test of literary talent; that of Arthur was good, without being excellent; he never wanted depth of thought or truth of feeling; but in his productions there was not the thorough conformity to an ancient model which is required for perfect elegance in Latin verse." Our recollection tells us that Mr. Hallam, in the exercise of a severe self-restraint, and an anxious desire to undervalue rather than exaggerate the pretensions of his lamented son (a tendency which reveals itself in every line of his preface, and yields, perhaps, the most pathetic indication of his intense grief), is here somewhat unjust to Arthur. Perfect elegance in Latin verse is not to be expected from a boy of fifteen, who has (we recall the vernacular expression) to knock off his verses once a week in three or four hours, amidst continual interruptions; but Arthur, though a long year younger than most of the boys of his remove (for instance, than Mr. Gladstone, who was born in 1809), always ranked according to his station (not his age) as among the first Latin verse writers in the school; whilst his Greek compositions were considered, before he left, to be absolutely the best of their day. We regret, therefore, that Sir Arthur Elton should not have reprinted that translation from Dante into Greek Iambics which Mr. Hallam in the first instance thought worth preserving. We remember perfectly the sensation which it created among the Eton masters of that time, as the work of a boy of fourteen; and we have no doubt that after an interval of nearly forty years, it is still fresh among the Eton memories of the excellent Provost of Kings. Two of his Latin verses which, somehow or other, probably from their containing English names, have lodged themselves among our recollections, are all that we can contribute to his reputation in that department of scholarship. They occurred in a summing up of the historical glories of Britain, with which one of his exercises concluded, and may, perhaps, be welcome to those who care about such things, as just affording a glimpse of the characteristic vigour of his style:—

testor Elise
Secula, vulgatumque arcanum classibus ænor,
Draco, tuos manes, et grandem in morte Raleum.

It was not, however, so much in the actual school work as in the Eton Debating Society (which was, moreover, a sort of intellectual club), that his great talents were most emphatically recognised. And this, less as a mere speaker, though he often spoke admirably, than as one who united depth of thought, powers of expression, loftiness of imagination, and general breadth and elasticity of mind in a degree which none of the other brilliant lads* about him attained to, or even approached. At Cambridge, his reputation, and the peculiar influence which he exercised on those around him, went on increasing day by day, although he made no attempt to secure University honours. That he did not do so is attributed by Mr. Hallam partly to indifference, and partly to having lost ground by spending a year in Italy at the very time when schoolboys in general are sharpening their swords for a final struggle. To this we may add, of our own knowledge, that, during his college career, Sir Henry Holland twice intervened, and peremptorily forbade all further study for a time. We need not wonder, therefore, that he satisfied himself with the high reputation which he had acquired among his contemporaries, and pursued, when his health permitted him to do so, his own course, careless of the regular distinctions of the place. In 1831, however, he obtained the first prize for an English declamation which was greatly admired, and he had previously gained another prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero—an essay to which, as written by a boy of nineteen, we venture to say it would not be easy to find a parallel in the history of literature. On the 15th of September 1833 he died suddenly at Vienna, leaving in the mind of the Laureate those passionate yearnings which have embodied themselves in verse which cannot be forgotten, and in the minds of the many who also loved him a like sense of irreparable loss, and of a space in life left vacant which no other friendship was large enough to fill. It is time, however, to pass from the character of the author to the book itself. In doing so, however, we must remind our readers that the poems and essays which it contains were most of them written between the ages of eighteen and twenty—some even earlier. It is singular that in the very last original verses, so far as we know, which he ever composed, he should, for the first

* It may not be, perhaps, wholly uninteresting to recall the names of those with whom he associated most intimately in the Eton Society at that time. We give them according to the position in the school, so far as we remember it, which they then occupied:—The present Dean of Windsor, Lord Arthur Herve, the Bishop of New Zealand, Mr. John Halsey Law, Mr. Pickering, Q.C., Mr. W. W. Farr, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Frederic Rogers, Sir Francis Doyle, Mr. Milnes Gaskell, M.P., Lord Milton (he, too, was lost early for England), Lord Elgin, Lord Canning, and the Rev. W. E. Jelf.

time, have reverted to that dramatic form towards which his early genius had inclined him, particularly as it appears to us that his childish impulses had not misled him, but that his various powers were admirably adapted for success in this difficult walk of art. Not a few of the other poems are in parts obscure; and a certain hardness of style—the result, we believe, of a somewhat overstrained anxiety to shut out every image or thought which appeared to him commonplace—is not unfrequent. In a dramatic composition, however, such ultra care would have been, as he felt, simply suicidal. Accordingly, in the dialogue between Raphael and Fiammetta (p. 89), of which we are speaking, he gave his great powers of conception and execution fair play, and was rewarded by attaining to more unbroken ease, grace, and fluency of style than was common with him. The key-note of the situation is, that by Raphael beauty is worshipped mainly as the object of art. In the eyes of Fiammetta, art is only valuable because it enables her to be proud of her lover. This scene, to be properly appreciated, ought to be read from the beginning to the end, as it is carefully constructed, and wound up with great delicacy and effect. It is, however, unfortunately, too long to quote in a notice of this character; we must content ourselves, therefore, with the following lines. Raphael is rebuking certain fanciful wishes which Fiammetta has just expressed:—

R. I would not have thee other than thou art,
Even in the least complexion of a dimple,
For all the pictures Pietro Perugin,
My master, ever painted. And parlon me
I would not have the heavens any thing
But what they are and were and still shall be,
Despite thy wish, Fiammetta. 'Tis not well
To make the eternal beauty ministrant
To our frail lives and frailer human loves.
Three thousand years perhaps before we lived,
Some Eastern maiden framed thy very wish,
And loved and died, and in the passionless void
Vanished for ever. Yet this glorious Nature
Took not a thought of her, but shone above
The blank she left, as on the place she filled.
So will it be with us—a dark night waits us—
Another moment, we must plunge within it—
Let us not mar the glimpses of pure Beauty,
Now streaming in like moonlight, with the fears,
The joys, the hurried thoughts, that rise and fall
To the hot pulses of a mortal heart.

Again:—

I did but elude thee that thou mingest ever
Beauty with beauty, as with perfume perfume:
Thou canst not love a rosebud for itself,
But thinkest straight who gave that rose to thee;
The leaping fountain minds thee of the music
We heard together; and the very heaven,
The illimitable firmament of God,
Must steal a likeness to a Roman studio
Ere it can please thee.

The sonnet on the Three Fates (p. 37), written at the age of eighteen, is a very fine one. The first eight lines, in particular, appear to us as good as possible in their way; the remaining six, not inferior in justness and weight of thought, are perhaps scarcely on a level with their predecessors in point of expression, but the reader may judge for himself:—

None but a Tuscan hand could fix ye here
In rigidity of sober colouring.
Pale are ye, mighty Triad, not with fear,
But the most awful knowledge, that the spring
Is in yon of all birth, and act, and sense.
I sorrow to behold ye: pain is blent
With your aloof and loveless permanence,
And your high princedom seems a punishment.
The cunning limner could not personate
Your blind control, save in th' aspect of grief;
So does the thought repugn of sovran fate.
Let him gaze here who trusts not in the love
Toward which all being solemnly doth move:
More this grand sadness tells than forms of fairest life.

From the lines on his sister's birthday, a most beautiful and touching poem, we quote two stanzas:—

But time is rolling onward, love,
And birth-days one another chase;
Ah, when so much few years remove,
May thy sweet nature hold its place—
Who would not hope, who would not pray,
That looks on thy demeanour now?
Yet have I seen the slow decay
Of many souls as pure as thou.
But there are some whose light endures—
A sign of wonder, and of joy,
Which never custom's mist obscures,
Or passion's treacherous gusts destroy.
God make with them a rest for thee!
For thou art turned towards stormy seas,
And when they call thee like to me,
Some terrors on my bosom seize.

Such terrors, though not, perhaps, exactly as they fitted across the imagination of the youthful poet, were but too well founded. This gentle girl, the softened image of her brother—in person and in mind—died suddenly a year or two afterwards, just as he had done, whilst apparently recovering, like him, from a trifling indisposition. We shall conclude our poetical extracts with an Italian sonnet, one of a class of compositions of which Mr. Panizzi speaks in the following terms:—"They are much superior, not only to what foreigners have written, but to what I thought it possible for them to write in Italian." We only present it to our readers

as a specimen of the various accomplishments which this extraordinary youth possessed at the age of sixteen. The subject is a statue of Lorenzo de' Medici at Florence:—

Deh, chi se' tu, ch' in sì superba pietra
Guardi, e t' accigli, più che creatura?
La maestà della fronte alta, e pura,
L'occhio, ch' appena il duro marmo arretra
L'agevol man, da cui bel velo impetra
La mossa da pensier profonda, e scura,
Dicon: "Questi è Lorenzo, e se pur dura
Suo nome ancor, questo il Destino spetra"
Tosa magion—ohi vituperio ed onta
Della nobil città, che l'Arno infiora,
Qual danno fé de vostre palle il suono!
Pure innanzi a beltade ira tramonta:
E Firenze, ch' l'giogo ange, e scolora,
Dice ammirando, "Oimè! quas'io perdono!"

Of the compositions in prose which have been preserved, the two which strike us as the most important are—1st, The prize essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero—and 2nd, The review of Professor Rossetti's Disquisition on certain questions connected with Dante. They will both amply repay perusal, being remarkable for the masterly ease with which an unusual amount of information is pressed into the service of original thought, and for clearness and energy of style. We can find room, however, for only a single passage from the remarks on Rossetti's disquisitions. We cite it, again entreating the reader to bear in mind that all these productions were nothing more than the youthful exercises of a mind still full of growth—mere prolusiones—which, as far as Arthur Hallam was concerned, had done their business—and had he lived would, we apprehend, never have shown themselves again.

Unfortunately there are some people still in the world, (we do not suppose we stand alone), who are inclined to prefer the nonsense of Petrarch to the reason of Rossetti. The poems, whose literal sense he assures us is so unintelligible and preposterous, have contrived, by no other sense, to charm the minds of many successive generations. For our own part, we confess, so far from seeing anything inexplicable in the fact, that the resurgent literature of Europe bore a peculiar amatory character, we should consider the absence of that character far more unaccountable. Not to insist on the Teutonic and Arabian elements of that civilization, which bore its first and lavish harvest on the fields of Provence, sufficient causes may be found in the change of manners occasioned by Christianity, to explain the increased respect for the female character, which tempered passion with reverence, and lent an ideal colour to the daily realities of life. While women were degraded from their natural position in society, it could not be expected that the passions which regard them should be in high esteem among moralists, or should be considered capable of any philosophical application. The sages of the ancient world despised love as a weakness. Calm reason, energetic will—these alone could make a man sovereign over himself; the softer feelings were fit only to make slaves. And they who thought so thought well. The Stoic *κατὰ φύσιν* was, in those circumstances, the noblest object of human endeavours. To it we owe the example of Rome among nations; of Regulus and Cato among individuals. But with Christianity came a new era. Human nature was to undergo a different development. A Christendom was to succeed an empire; and the proud *ἀνδρεία* of male virtues was to be tempered with feminine softness. Women were no longer obliged to step out of the boundaries of their sex,—to become Portias and Arrias, in order to conciliate the admiration of the wise. They appeared in their natural guise, simple and dignified, "As one intended first, not after made Occasionally." This great alteration of social manners produced a corresponding change in the tone of morality. The Church too did its utmost for the ladies. The calendar swelled as fast from one sex as from the other. Children were taught to look for models of heroism, not, as heretofore, in the apathetic sublimity of suicidal patriots, but in the virgin martyrs, whose burnings and dislocations constitute the most interesting portion of legendary biography. The worship of the Virgin soon accustomed Catholic minds to contemplate perfection in a female form. And what is that worship itself, but the exponent of a restless longing in man's unsatisfied soul, which must ever find a personal shape, wherein to embody his moral ideas, and will choose for that shape, where he can, a nature not too remote from his own, but resembling in dissimilitude, and flattering at once his vanity by the likeness, and his pride by the difference?

We think we have now given extracts enough to induce our readers to go and judge for themselves. Indeed, when we reflect how crude are the opinions, and how undeveloped the powers even of promising young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, we believe that no one who looks into this book will fail to admit that Arthur Hallam's contemporaries had good reason for the love and admiration with which they regarded him. Though it is difficult to say upon what division of the intellect he would finally have concentrated his energies, that he would have succeeded, and succeeded splendidly, in whatever he undertook, is certain. But such earthly triumphs were denied to him by Providence, and his friends, who still retain for him, one and all, their unchilled and unchangeable affection, must be satisfied with knowing that he will go down to posterity, as perhaps the most interesting of that highly interesting class of men, whom Shelley in his *Adonais* designates as "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown."

This volume also contains a short memoir of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam—Arthur's only brother. He seems, like Arthur, to have impressed his friends with a high idea of his character and his talents, and to have inspired them with the same deep and tender affection. As, however (probably because his broken-hearted father shrunk from a repetition of the painful task which he had once nerved himself to accomplish), nothing of his is here given to the world, we must refer our readers to the memoir itself. From it they will learn how the honourable name of Hallam missed, by a second domestic tragedy, all but as mournful as the first, its last remaining chance of becoming illustrious in the present generation.

THE JAPANESE AND THE CHINESE IN 1860-1861.*

ONE of the results of the disaster which befell Admiral Hope's fleet at the mouth of the Peiho was that Mr. de Fonblanque, who appears to be an officer of the Commissariat Department, was obliged to leave Pall Mall for China. At Hong Kong he received General Straubenzee's orders to proceed to Japan, for the purpose of procuring horses for the British army. Three days after his arrival at Yeddo, Mr. Alcock, our Minister at the Japanese capital, was able to obtain for him an audience of the Minister for Foreign Affairs; and the Japanese Government, although its neutrality might have suggested an excuse, appears to have met the wishes of the British representative with a readiness and good will which the English people ought not to forget. A number of native officials were directed to accompany and assist Mr. de Fonblanque in his negotiations with the Japanese horse-dealers; and though he complains somewhat bitterly that his movements were hampered by the minute precautions and technical procedure of his attendants, he admits that even in England he had sometimes experienced impediments of the same kind. Mr. de Fonblanque spent nearly a year in Japan; and the nature of his duties gave him many opportunities of observing the manners of the people. The sources of our information in regard to Japan are still so scanty that we think Mr. de Fonblanque was right to publish his observations. They are illustrated by a few drawings, which are not wholly without interest.

Some members of the ruling oligarchy still look with indignation on the admission of foreigners; but they are in a minority, and the Government neglects no opportunity of showing its determination, not only to keep faith with its allies, but to make the position of the foreigner as safe and as convenient as possible. The military followers of the great princes, a class which some writers have represented as the standing army of Japan, do not conceal their hatred of the strangers, but this prejudice is not shared by the other classes of their countrymen. The readers of Captain Sherard Osborne's *Cruise in Japanese Waters* may remember how much he was impressed by the friendliness of the Japanese officials, and their intelligent desire to understand the manners, and to copy the inventions, of their visitors. Mr. de Fonblanque, during his residence in Japan, was constantly traversing the country in the neighbourhood of the capital, and the nature of his duties brought him into contact with men of all ranks, from Cabinet Ministers and governors of cities to horse-dealers. Almost universally he encountered friendly greetings and good-humoured curiosity. The insolence of the men-at-arms, whom he describes as "the swash-bucklers of our own baronial times, reproduced in an eastern form," was the only exception to the universal goodwill. It was, no doubt, a formidable exception. It would be certain death, we are told, for a European to enter the houses where these fellows resort, or even to pass unattended through the open streets of their quarter of the town. During the year of Mr. de Fonblanque's residence in Japan, two Dutchmen and an Anglicized Japanese were assassinated in broad daylight; and though the efforts of the police, made apparently in perfect good faith, but with great clumsiness, failed to discover the assassins, no one doubted that they belonged to the military class. This class, though easily able to commit isolated acts of violence and create alarm, is powerless to control the policy of the Government.

When it is said that the standing army of Japan is hostile to foreigners, there is a risk of giving Europeans an exaggerated notion of the danger of their countrymen. The Japanese have had no war for two centuries, and the so-called soldiers are merely armed serving men, living around their masters' palaces and dining at their tables, not soldiers grouped into regiments and acknowledging a single commander. Among a class of men accustomed to lives of idleness and bullying violence, the presence of strangers not likely to treat their claims with deference, but sure to increase the importance of the industrious and orderly part of the population, cannot fail to provoke the bitterest hatred. When these fellows commit acts of violence, the representatives of foreign Powers are doubtless right to insist that every effort shall be made to apprehend and punish the guilty, but it would be folly to identify these drunken vagabonds with the Government. We have chosen to open equal political and commercial relations with a community in the midst of which no stranger has been seen for centuries, except under humiliating conditions flattering to the prejudices of the natives; and we must therefore bear with the difficulties which the Government finds in accommodating the new state of things to the feelings of all classes of the people. When a person under British protection had been murdered, and the murderer could not be found, Mr. Alcock wisely insisted that certain great officers of State should attend the funeral, in order to prove the sympathy of the Government. The Russian threat of bombarding the capital on the recurrence of a similar event may be a convenient contrivance for drifting into a war and excusing a conquest, but it is not a precedent to be followed by a people who desire nothing at the hands of the Japanese but friendly intercourse and lucrative commerce.

All recent accounts of Japan justify the favourable view here taken of the prospects of our intercourse with that country; nor is there anything in the character of the people, or in the history of its relations with Europe, that is really incompatible with such anticipations. So far from exhibiting that ostentatious contempt for the wisdom and the achievements of foreigners which is so

universal among the Chinese, the Japanese have always been both willing to learn and eager to honour their instructors. Will. Adams, an English mariner who was driven by storms on the coast of Japan in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was detained there many years for the purpose of teaching the people the art of ship-building. Though an involuntary guest, he always spoke gratefully of the kindness and generosity of the Emperor, who had given him a living "like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety husbandmen who are as my servants or slaves." During Adams's residence at his court, the same Emperor formally invited James I. to encourage his subjects to trade with Japan. "We desire," wrote the Emperor, "that it may stand with your highness' good liking to send your subjects to any port or part of our dominions; for we greatly admire the courage and boldness with which they have traversed so many and such terrible seas, for the increase of wealth and the establishment of amity." Nothing exhibits more strikingly than this letter the difference between the Japanese and the Chinese character. It is true that this letter, which was written in 1613, preceded by only twenty-five years the celebrated edict the result of which was to exclude foreigners almost altogether from Japan, and to create in Europe a general belief in the unsocial character of the Japanese people. This edict, which is still in some respects the law of Japan, forbade any Japanese vessel to visit foreign lands; and if any Japanese subject violated this law and returned, he was to die. "The whole race of the Portuguese and Spaniards"—the European race with which, more than with any other, the Japanese had been brought into contact—was to be banished "with their mothers and nurses, and whatever belonged to them." Every Christian was to be put to death. There is something childish and half-savage in this extravagant method of remedying a political evil. We naturally smile at the notion of a people excluding itself from all communication with the rest of the world because the presence of certain foreigners seemed dangerous to the State. But it was to meet a real political evil, and to guard against a real danger to the State, that this singular device was adopted. The Jesuits had already made two millions of converts; so at least the enthusiastic missionaries asserted, and the panic-stricken Government as readily believed. Such an aggression on the part of an uncompromising faith, the chief article of which was obedience to the supremacy of a foreign potentate, directly threatened the authority of the spiritual sovereign of Japan. But the temporal sovereign could scarcely think himself more secure, when he heard that the Jesuits made no secret of their being the pioneers of European conquest, of a divine right which one of their sovereigns had acquired to govern that half of the world to which Japan belonged, and when he learned that a precedent had been already set by the conquest of the Philippine Islands. After the massacre or banishment of the Spaniards and Portuguese had been accomplished, the Dutch retained for a while the goodwill and the confidence of the islanders. They had discovered, or had invented, what appeared to be documentary proof of the political schemes of the Jesuits. They had eagerly joined with their armed vessels and their big guns in chasing and slaughtering their commercial rivals; and the Japanese naturally concluded that it was by a mere accident that the God whom the Dutch served bore the same name as the God of the Portuguese. Before long, however, they discovered their error, and in spite of their services, the Dutch fell at once under the suspicion which the worship of the God of the Portuguese not unreasonably provoked. Thenceforth the Dutch themselves were permitted to send but one ship annually to a single Japanese port, and while it remained the sailors and merchants were confined to the limits of a small island off the port of Nagasaki. So fatal were the results of Portuguese ambition, that the whole direct commerce between Europe and Japan was restrained within the limits thus imposed, till the American and English treaties of 1851-3. It is to be hoped that no European people will repeat the errors of the seventeenth century. If we avoid the errors, we need not fear a repetition of the calamities, which would not be less pernicious because they could be easily avenged.

The noble English sailor whom we have already mentioned described the Japanese as "good of nature, courteous above measure, and valiant in war." Their courage has been doubted by recent travellers, and two centuries of peace may have quenched their fire; but in the time of Adams they were the buccanniers of the Chinese seas, and the smallest bands of their warriors spread confusion and alarm through whole provinces of China. Their title to the rest of the praise that Adams bestowed upon them is still undisputed, though we might take exception to an inference that might be drawn from the eulogy of one of Adams's contemporaries, who declares that they are "as industrious as Hollanders, and as courteous and grave as Spaniards." The Japanese are a small-minded people, and it conveys a totally false impression to compare them with Europeans, or with any of the nations ordinarily described either as Semitic or as Indo-Germanic. Everything in their character, and everything they have done, is insignificant. Their system of government is full of absurd checks, and childish devices to anticipate a catastrophe. Every person of high rank or official position is perpetually accompanied by an authorized and acknowledged spy, whose duty is to report his acts to his colleagues; and he is not permitted to transact the simplest piece of business except in the presence of two note-takers. If a measure is proposed in the Cabinet and rejected, its supporters are—or were till recently—at once put to death. All their native arts are the arts of a people whose childhood a long succession of generations has only made venerable. They are said to imitate,

* *Nyphon and Peckeli; or, Two Years in Japan and Northern China.* By Edward Barrington de Fonblanque. London: Saunders & Otley. 1862.

with remarkable fidelity, European inventions—clocks, pistols, and even steam-engines; but the most important of their own inventions are lacquer, bronze, paper, and porcelain. One of the first events recorded in their annals is the discovery of the art of brewing sake, and there is a gap of many centuries between it and the next event which made any impression on the mind of the people. They have no notion of arithmetic, and to this day they add one sum to another by the aid of groups of little balls. They are horribly obscene, but their obscenity is the almost unconscious obscenity of savages. They are extremely cleanly, but both sexes wash publicly in the open air. Captain Osborne and Mr. de Fonblanque are at issue as to the charms of the Japanese women. It is agreed, however, by both writers that every woman, as soon as she marries, blackens her teeth with a corrosive acid and cuts off her eyebrows. The most ambitious, as well as the most meritorious achievement of the Japanese, seems to us to consist in their possession of good roads, well-paved streets, and an admirably organized fire brigade.

The traveller in Japan finds himself constantly passing from the principality of one feudal lord to that of another, and he from time to time receives evidence of their wealth, in the sight of their magnificent parks and their formidable bands of followers. If he has recently been in Europe, he cannot fail to be struck by the absence of beggars; and if he has been in China, he will notice the cheerful faces of the people. He may attribute the former to the extraordinary fertility of the soil, combined with the simple habits of the people; and, if he is truly informed of the fearful severity of the Japanese code, he must argue from the latter, either that there are few criminals, or that the operation of the law is strictly confined to its proper province. He will observe the extreme rareness of any animals except poultry, dogs, pack-horses, and oxen for labour; and he may remember that one of the charges of the Emperor Tacho Sama against the Portuguese was, that they slew for food the beasts that were intended to be the servants of man. Everywhere he will come across arrangements for the amusement of the people. He may find himself, like Mr. de Fonblanque, in a tea-garden in the midst of 10,000 holiday-makers, in exhibitions of waxwork, or in theatres where clumsy farces are performed. From all such sources of amusement this simple-minded people derive intense gratification, as well as from more questionable sources, the existence of which the most unobservant or reluctant visitor cannot fail to notice.

Neither the Japanese nor the Chinese have yet given proof of the possession of any great qualities; but, if we are to be guided by the universal testimony of travellers, the Chinese have far fewer useful qualities than their ancient enemies. Every one who visits China marvels at the industry of the crowded population which, with infinite ingenuity and resistless perseverance, has converted every square yard of rocky or sandy soil into a garden. Centuries of oppression, and the influence of a foul materialism, teaching contempt for human life, have forced family affection to take the extraordinary form in which men and women sell their lives in order to increase the affluence, or to relieve the wants, of their surviving relatives; but, under whatever disguise, it is family affection still. Yet, if we except this caricature of that social virtue which every savage tribe possesses, the Chinese character appears to possess no merit but what may be derived from an industry that is connected only with the basest aims, and an ingenuity turned to no noble purpose. Abbé Huc records a curious tradition, which he learned from an aged Thibetan herdsman. On the death of the first man, his three sons disputed about the possession of their father's body, and at last it was agreed that they should divide it, when the body and arms fell to the eldest, who became the ancestor of the Chinese; "and this is why his descendants have been celebrated in arts and industry, and are remarkable for their tricks and stratagems." The heart, and with it, courage and the love of truth, and of progress, and every noble ambition, went, according to the old herdsman, to another brother, and to the race of which he was the founder. The Chinese are, at this day, satisfied with the present, filthily sensual, false, cruel, and cowardly beyond any nation on the face of the earth. The philosopher whom they complacently regard as the highest expression of the genius of their race taught only two intelligible doctrines—reverence for antiquity, and slavish submission to the reigning sovereign. He lived more than 2,000 years ago, but time has produced no sage to shake his authority or rival his fame. A superior race lent the Chinese a religion which taught a pure morality, and set before its worshippers a high ideal, but they have rejected its spirit, and the skeleton they retain has lost its beauty. Excellence in memory, the most obviously mechanical of all the intellectual powers, opens the road to preferment and sanctity; and the grotesque perversion of an intellectual test alone places a few men above the vulgar crowd of producers and consumers.

VANBRUGH'S PLAYS.*

WE have said that we prefer Farquhar's plays to Congreve's, and if we might venture further to disregard the general consent of critics, we should rank Vanbrugh next to Farquhar, and both before Congreve. It may be true that Congreve is the more finished artist, but whose is the most amusing play? To read Congreve is, on the whole, a labour, and it is a sensible relief to turn from him to Vanbrugh. There is more amusement to be got

out of the *Relapse* than from all Congreve's plays. It is not, however, that one cares at all whether any *Relapse* takes place, nor whether Virtue in Danger is preserved or perishes. The quartet of characters who give the piece its name are of no real use in it except to be talked to by Lord Foppington. The only interest which one feels about Amanda's reputation arises from the attempt of Lord Foppington to destroy it. His Lordship and Tom Fashion, his younger brother, and Miss Hoyden, the great fortune whom they both design to marry, are the characters which one remembers in the *Relapse*. Miss Prue, in *Love for Love*, is something like Miss Hoyden, but is not drawn with equal breadth and vigour. The dressing-room of Lord Foppington, where we first get sight of him, furnishes a capital scene. His Lordship is trying on clothes even newer than the peerage which he has just bought, and he is surrounded by ministers of the toilet. The tailor, who wants confidence in his own work, is ordered to make another coat; while the shoemaker, who boldly asserts that the shoes he has made do not hurt the wearer, prevails on Lord Foppington to be content with them:—

Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you. I think I understand my trade.

While the business of the toilet is proceeding, Tom Fashion enters, intending to ask his brother to lend him money. He is received with provoking coldness, and in the height of his indignation he meets old Coupler, who offers an opportunity of revenge. Coupler had arranged a match between Lord Foppington and Miss Hoyden, expecting for himself a fee of 2,000*l.* for bringing the match about. As he doubts whether Lord Foppington will pay this fee, he offers Tom, for a fee of 5,000*l.*, to put him in the way of passing for his brother. Of course, the persons of the brothers are unknown to the young lady and her father. She lives with him in a lonely old house fifty miles from town, and never goes abroad, nor sees company at home. To prevent misfortunes, she gets her education within doors:—

The parson of the parish teaches her to play on the bass-viol, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance.

While Coupler and Tom are laying their plot, Lord Foppington is so good as to show himself to us a little more. He calls upon the country couple, and addresses the lady whose virtue is supposed to be in danger:—

Far Gad's sake, madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long under the fatigue of a country life?

The fatigue which he would dread is thinking. He loves reading, but he never thinks of what he reads. To mind the inside of a book is to entertain oneself with the forced product of another man's brain; whereas a man of quality and breeding may be much better diverted with the natural sprouts of his own. But indeed, when a man comes to know town, he finds many better ways of passing his time than reading:—

Far example, madam, my life; my life, madam, is a perpetual stream of pleasure.

He rises about 10 o'clock; he does not rise sooner, because it is the worst thing in the world for the complexion. Not that he pretends to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look wholesome. So at 10 o'clock he rises. If it is a fine day, he resolves to take a turn in the park, so huddles on his clothes, and gets dressed by 1. He dines at Locket's, and goes after dinner to the play, where, till 9 o'clock, he entertains himself with looking at the company, and occupies another hour in leading them out. Thus twelve hours of the day are over. The other twelve are disposed of in toasting himself drunk and in sleeping himself sober:—

Thus, ladies, you see my life is an eternal round O of delights.

Lord Foppington continues his discourse until he thinks he has fascinated Amanda, when he attempts to make love to her, and gets his ears boxed. Her husband draws sword to avenge the insult, fights with Lord Foppington, and slightly wounds him. When he is recovering, his servant asks if he will venture so soon to expose himself to the weather:—

Sir, I will venture, as soon as I can, to expose myself to the ladies.

His brother comes to ask him once more for assistance, before deciding to execute Coupler's plot. He tells his brother that he is never in love; for of all the things that belong to a woman he has an aversion to her heart. But he made all this bustle about Amanda, because she was a woman of an insolent virtue, and he felt piqued in honour to debauch her. Tom comes to business by asking for 500*l.* His brother answers that he cannot spare it—taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and periwigs so dear, that he cannot. Tom gets angry, and calls his brother the prince of coxcombs. Lord Foppington, who does not get angry, answers:—

Sir, I am proud to be at the head of so prevailing a party.

The plot goes forward, and in execution of it Tom Fashion and his servant, Lory, appear before Sir Tunbely Clumsy's country house. They knock, and demand admittance. A voice is heard within inquiring:—

Is the blunderbuss primed?

The door is opened after parley, and Sir Tunbely appears surrounded by armed servants. Coupler's letter, introducing Tom Fashion as Lord Foppington, throws Sir Tunbely into a confusion of apologies. Tom explains that he has left his equipages behind, and ridden post, in impatience to behold his bride. On the first alarm of a stranger's arrival, Miss Hoyden has been locked up. She is discovered saying to herself:—

* *The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. With Biographical and Critical Notices, by Leigh Hunt. London: Routledge & Co. 1862.*

It's well I have a husband a-coming, or, eood, I'd marry the baker—I would so.

Nurse enters, and informs her that his lordship is come. She must have a care of being too fond, for men hate a woman that loves them:—

Love him! Why, do you think I love him, Nurse? Eood, I would not care if he were hanged, so I were but once married to him!

Tom now comes and talks to Miss Hoyden, and persuades her to marry him offhand, without the delay which Sir Tunbely had intended. They call Nurse, and Miss Hoyden says:—

His Honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow.

Nurse asks what they will do when Sir Tunbely is ready to proceed:—

Why, then, we'll be married again.

What, twice, my child?

Eood, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

The marriage is performed secretly, and the Chaplain offers his congratulations, hoping that children may swarm about them like bees about a honeycomb:—

Eood, with all my heart. The more the merrier, I say. Ha, Nurse!

At this moment Lory runs in to tell his master that Lord Foppington has arrived with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen and pages, a coat worth fourscore pounds, and a periwig down to his knees. Tom determines to turn the tables on his brother by treating him as an impostor. He proposes to Sir Tunbely to admit the pretended lord civilly, whip up the drawbridge upon his back, let fly the blunderbuss to disperse his crew, and so commit him to jail. While this scheme is laying Lord Foppington waits outside the gate:—

A pax of these bumkinly people! will they open the gate, or do they desire I should grow at their most-side like a willow?

Sir Tunbely appears and invites him to enter, apologizing for the delay as the time demands caution. Lord Foppington answers that caution is a sign of wisdom:—

But stap my vitals, I have got a cold enough to destroy a porter!

As he enters, the door is slammed in his servants' faces and they are fired on. He is dragged into the hall where Sir Tunbely dispenses justice. He is called on to give an account of himself—What's his name? Where does he live? Does he pay scot and lot? Is he a Williamite or a Jacobite?—

Before Gad, all the answer I can make thee is, that thou art an extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals!

Sir Tunbely takes him for mad, bids the servants bind him, and proposes to try whether bread and water, a dark room and a whip will bring him to his senses. Miss Hoyden comes to have a look at him, and asks her father whether he intends to hang him:—

That at least, child.

Then enters Tom:—

Stap my vitals, Tam! now the dream's out.

As there seems no other chance of escape, he whispers in Tom's ear an offer of terms, but they are refused. Then he remembers that Sir John Friendly, who knows him, lives in the neighbourhood, and begs he may be sent for. This is done, and in the meantime Lord Foppington is locked up in the dog-kennel. Tom and his servant, thinking the place is getting too hot to hold them, take horses and ride away just as Sir John Friendly enters. Sir Tunbely explains the business to his neighbour:—

A final sort of a tawdry fellow here, hearing that the match was concluded between my Lord Foppington and my girl Hoyden, comes impudently to the gate, with a whole pack of rogues in liveries, and would have passed upon me for his lordship. But what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the head of his guards, takes him by the throat, strikes up his heels, binds him hand and foot, despatches a warrant, and commits him prisoner to the dog-kennel.

Sir John Friendly hopes there has been no mistake. Lord Foppington is brought in and recognised, and Sir Tunbely vows vengeance on the impostor, and begs pardon for the mistake. Lord Foppington answers, that the intercession of the young lady might do much with him, and he receives her as his future wife. As the company go to dinner, Miss Hoyden stays behind to ask the Nurse and the Chaplain what she shall do now. As they can offer no advice, she herself finds a way to secure all:—

If you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what's past, I'll e'en marry this lord too.

She comes up to town with her father and her second husband, and a grand entertainment is held in honour of the wedding. It seems to us that the characters which give a name to the play are of very little use except as company, on this occasion. Tom Fashion, by Coupler's help, has secured the Chaplain by the promise of a living, and the Chaplain secures the Nurse, whom he is to make his wife. With these witnesses to his marriage, Tom comes to his brother's wedding-feast and claims the bride as his. Miss Hoyden has previously informed Nurse that, on the whole, she likes her first husband best, although her second is a lord. Lord Foppington is finally defeated, but preserves his affectation of composure to the last:—

Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee jay. You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality, split my windpipe!

The reception of Lord Dundreary in our own time may, perhaps, give us some idea of the popularity of Lord Foppington. The *Relapse* was the first of Vanbrugh's plays, and we think it contains his best scenes; but the best play, as a whole, is the *Confederacy*, in which there is scarcely a superfluous line. This play has been acted within memory at the Haymarket, and it is still possible, in reading the speeches of Mrs. Amlet, to recall the tones and gestures of that excellent actress, Mrs. Glover. Mrs. Amlet comes upon the stage, saying, in answer to a question, how she does?—"At the old rate, neighbour, poor and honest." She is a dealer in false hair, teeth, paint, and padding, and she comes to Clarissa's house to dun her for the price of articles supplied to improve her beauty. This lady and her maid have laid a scheme to borrow money of Mrs. Amlet instead of paying her. They ask for her bill, and Clarissa glances at the figures. Mistress and maid exclaim in admiration at the smallness of the sum total. "Nay," says Mrs. Amlet, "another body would have made it twice as much; but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit." Clarissa gives an order upon her cashier, who sends word that he has no money. When this answer is reported to Mrs. Amlet, she exclaims:—

What a presumptuous piece of vermin is a cash-keeper!

She asks the maid what is to be done, as she has not a penny to buy bread. The maid proposes that Mrs. Amlet shall lend her lady a hundred pounds, and then she can pay the six-and-fifty pounds out of it:—

Mrs. Amlet. Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a fool of me!

Flip. No, the devil fetch me if I do. You shall have a diamond necklace in pawn.

Mrs. Amlet. Oh, oh, a pawn! That's another case. And when must she have this money?

Flip. In a quarter of an hour.

Mrs. Amlet. Say no more.

Mrs. Amlet has a roguish son Dick, who steals this necklace from her strong box, and then asks his mother's blessing. Dick has got into fine company under the name of Colonel Shapely, and persuades his mother to allow him to disown her until he is married to a great fortune. Mrs. Amlet does not readily acquiesce, as she thinks that the lady's friends may be proud of marrying her into a "vartuous" family. But her admiration of Dick's looks, dress, and manners, reconciles her to hearing him confess that he is ashamed of his natural mother. Mrs. Glover used to act this scene admirably. Dick has a confederate, Brass, whose part in this game is that of servant to the Colonel. Brass's transitions from familiarity to respect, according as they are alone or in company, and his stipulations as to sharing profits when Dick is married to the rich lady, are very amusing. There are also two rich scriveners, each of whom tries to seduce the other's wife. The two ladies form a *Confederacy* to cajole their lovers and divide profits, and Brass and Flippanta are employed to carry on the necessary intrigues. The general effect of these scenes, when tolerably well acted, is highly comic; but it is difficult to abridge them without evaporating all the fun.

The *Provoked Wife* has more good scenes than the *Relapse*, but is not so uniformly good as the *Confederacy*. It was a well-known play in the last century through Garrick's acting Sir John Brute, which was a favourite part with him. His great scene was where he dresses himself in his wife's clothes and fights with the watch in Covent Garden. He and his drunken comrades stop a man carrying a bundle, and ask what he is:—

An't please you, I'm a dissenting journeyman woman's tailor.

What has he in his bag? Clothes for Lady Brute. Sir John disguises himself in them. It is mentioned by Mrs. Hannah More, that in her time it was the fashion for ladies to ornament their hats, not only with flowers, but fruit; and Garrick, to ridicule this fashion, had a hat made for this scene with turnips and carrots by way of ornament. This fashion has been revived lately, but it would be difficult to revive the play which was made the means of quizzing it. There is probably still to be found, in likely shops, a print representing Garrick dressed in woman's clothes, and a hat decorated with vegetables, laying about him vigorously among the watch. The disguised Sir John Brute is captured, and taken before a magistrate, where he charges the constable with an attempt at ravishment; and when asked his name, answers that he is Lady Brute. On the way to the magistrate's house, he had used his fist so forcibly as to cause the constable to conclude that "he was little better than a maphrodite." While Sir John is thus rioting abroad, a gallant has been laying siege to his wife's heart. Believing that the fortress has surrendered, Sir John deliberates whether he shall fight or hold his tongue:—

Shall I die a hero, or live a rascal? Why, wiser men than I have long since concluded that a living dog is better than a dead lion.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

THE Philological Society seems to be diligently striving to make up lost time, as we have now before us the *Transactions* for three years, 1859—61. The present volume, that for 1859, consists of much the same sort of matter as the former one which we reviewed some time back. It contains, for the most part, desultory essays on various philological points, the theories put forth in which one is sometimes inclined to agree with, and sometimes to differ from, but nearly all of which have at least the merit of setting one thinking. And this is really, after all, the great use of speculations of this sort on doubtful points of detail. The general principles of the science, at least when it is Professor Max Müller who expounds them, carry conviction with them at once. But in this process the learner is almost too passive; there is hardly anything of the friction of mind against mind. Of course we do not bind

* *Transactions of the Philological Society.* 1859. Berlin: A. Asher & Co.

ourselves to every word of Professor Müller's, any more than to every word of any other man. Every reader has doubtless found one or two things which he was not prepared to receive at once; but he has probably not found above one or two; he has not been often enough tempted to kick, to draw any benefit from the habit of kicking. On the other hand, the old-womanish style of etymology, whose absurdity is clear on the face of it, is equally unable to give the needful practice. Speculations like most of those in these *Transactions*, which neither carry conviction with them at once, nor yet at once offend by any manifest absurdity, give the mind a greater amount of exercise than either. Etymology is still a tentative science; on many points of detail a man may be satisfied to learn the way to go right by dint of a little practice in going wrong. Most of the papers in this volume contain theories which one would decline either to accept or to reject at a moment's notice. About most of them there is, at the first blush, something to be said on both sides. Whether, therefore, we finally accept them or not, there is a wholesome discipline in considering them. We are of course speaking of them as they appear to ordinary students of the subject, not to its great masters. A perfect philologist might be inclined to cast away at once much that to a less advanced scholar may seem fair matter for discussion. The master may be right in his summary rejection, and yet the student's time may not be wasted in the examination. The student's mind may really gain more by examining a variety of propositions for himself, even at the risk of occasional error, than by doing nothing but passively acquiescing in the *ipse dixit* of even an infallible guide.

Thus, there is always much to be learned from the ingenious speculations of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, though we may look upon some of his theories as wild, and now and then detect manifest errors in detail. And we are glad to hear what Mr. Herbert Coleridge had to say about the Scandinavian element in the English language, though it seems to us that the question, in the way that he puts it, is to a great extent a verbal one. Mr. Coleridge makes it a point of honour on behalf of the Danes to have contributed an element to the English tongue. He is angry with Dr. Guest and Mr. Wright for denying it. He cannot bear that anybody should think that the conquered Celts contributed something, and that the conquering Danes contributed nothing, especially as the conquering Normans undoubtedly contributed so much. The key to the difference, which it is surprising that Mr. Coleridge did not see, is to be found in one clause of his own description of these same Danish conquerors. They were, he tells us, "a nation that was in possession of a language bearing the closest affinity to that which they found in use here on their arrival." It is for that very reason, because their language bore such a close affinity to English, that it is hard to make out a distinct Scandinavian element in English. That the Northern and Southern parts of the island still speak different dialects, and that the Northern dialect has more points of affinity to the Danish than the other, is manifest. But this does not necessarily prove the existence of a Danish element in Mr. Coleridge's sense. We must not forget that much of the difference may really be the difference, not between Dane and Anglo-Saxon, but between Angle and Saxon. And in estimating this we must remember that the first Saxon frontier came much farther to the North than it did under the later West-Saxon kings. The Kingdom of the Hwiccas was Mercian, that is, Anglian; but it was the Saxon Ceawlin who first made Gloucester and Cirencester Teutonic cities, and who carried his arms as far north as Shropshire. Hence it is quite possible that the Saxon and the supposed Scandinavian region may really touch, and that the latter may be in truth simply Anglian. It is still more certain that much which at first sight seems to be Scandinavian in the Northern English is simply archaic English. Multitudes of words, common to Old-English and Scandinavian, have been kept in use in the North, and have become obsolete in the South. Such words as "mickle" and "bairn" are what is commonly called "Scotch"—that is, Northern English. But they are distinctively Northern only because they have gone out of use in the South. Then there is no sort of analogy between a Celtic element and a Danish element. If a word be common to English and Welsh—of course, we do not mean either modern infusions into Welsh, or words whose existence in the two languages is simply a case of Aryan kindred—if a word in English is neither Teutonic nor Romance, but Celtic, we may safely set it down as a member of that small but undoubted class which the conquering English borrowed from the conquered Britons. But because a word exists in English and Danish—even though, to take the extreme case, it does not exist in Dutch, German, or written Old-English—we cannot with equal certainty ascribe it to Danish influence in England. It is just as likely to be, after all, originally common to the two sister tongues. It is this close kindred between the two languages—a kindred pointed out by Mr. Coleridge himself—which makes it so difficult to recognise a distinct Danish element in the same way that we recognise a very large French element and a very small Welsh one. The case is just the same as with the Flemings in South Wales. There is nothing distinctively Flemish about them, simply because Flemings and English were so near akin. As Dr. Guest says (*English Rhythms*, ii. 202):—

His [the Northman's] language, from the first, must have been little more than an English dialect, and his descendants have now been mingled with a kindred race for nearly one thousand years. Is it not likely that peculiarities of dialect have vanished with all recollection of their origin?

There are many other papers, on various subjects and of various lengths. Some of the Latin and Greek etymologies of Professor Key get rather beyond us. Thus he oddly derives *δῆμος* from *δῆκα*, making it mean the tenth part of a tribe, and quoting

the French *dime* in a way which almost looks as if the Professor thought (though of course he does not think) that there was some immediate connexion between the two words. But Professor Key fails to explain the two meanings of *δῆμος*—the whole People and the mere Parish or Canton. He can hardly make them quite distinct words; and it would be hard to understand how, if *δῆμος* really meant the tenth of a tribe, it ever got to mean the whole nation. We cannot fancy the whole Roman People being called *Tribus*, *Curia*, or *Centuria*. On the other hand, though the theories which connect the word with *δᾶ*, *δῆμος*, or *δῖος*, are not very satisfactory, it is easy to understand, upon any of them, how the word came to be applied at once to the larger and to the smaller community.

Mr. Ernest Adams diligently continues his labours among creeping things and other "deer" of the smallest kind. He has a curious paper enough about ladybirds and cockchafers, and the universal practice—universal, so Mr. Adams says, among Aryan nations—of looking on the former as consecrated to some God or Saint. Thus, in its common English name, "Lady" meant first Freya, and then St. Mary. Elsewhere we have such names as *Vache a Dieu*, *Vaquilla de Dios*, *Gottes-schäpflein*, *Bête de la Vierge*, *Marien-käfer*, *Johannis-vogelein*, and in Hungarian *Fűs-kata*, or *Katharine in the Grass*—that is, according to Mr. Adams, St. Katharine. This is all very well, but the next bit gets beyond us:—

I have heard the children in Norfolk repeat a nursery rhyme addressed to this insect commencing with the line:—

Bishy, Bishy, Barnie Bee,

The last word was intelligible, but the first three were somewhat perplexing. I venture to suggest the following explanation. Various versions of the rhyme in question are in existence, some oral or traditional, others imprinted. In the Suffolk version the first word appears as *Bushy*, and in several others as *Bishop*, a term sometimes employed alone to designate a lady-bird. We also find the last two words united in the forms *Barnabee*, *Barnabee*, *Benebee*, and *Benetre*, the latter manifest corruptions of the former. *Barnabee* is also commonly used alone to represent this insect. We thus obtain indications of a certain "Bishop Barnabee" or "Barnaby." Who is he? The feast of St. Barnabas falls on the 11th of June, a period of the year when warmth and light and insect life are in their prime. It is possible that the East-Anglians may have substituted the protection of St. Barnabas for that of the Virgin. We find his name as a household word in our nursery literature, and that in the very form required:—

Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright,

The longest day and the shortest night.

It appears then that this little creature is affectionately associated in the religious feelings of the people with the Supreme Being, the Virgin, St. John, St. Catharine, and St. Barnabas, and in heathen times with Freya.

Surely, to say nothing else, "Bishop Barnaby" would be a very odd way of describing an Apostle. And Mr. Adams's remarks read as if he had heard of St. Barnabas for the first time, while investigating the name of Lady-birds.

Every Englishman probably thinks at first that the word *belfry* has something to do with its containing bells. Architectural descriptions always confine the word *belfry-window* to those windows which serve to let out the sound of the bells. When the inquirer finds that *belfroi* is a French word, and that it exists in all manner of forms in mediæval Latin—when, moreover, he finds that the word is most strictly applied, not to church towers, but to towers for military attack—he gives up all notions about bells, but has nothing better to put in their place. The true form, according to Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, is *bergfrid*. *Belfroi* is a natural French corruption; *belfry* must have been brought in by some Englishman who had hit upon a wrong derivation. It is something like the form *rhyme*, into which the good English word *rime* has been perverted, because somebody thought it must have something to do with *rhythm*.

On the opposite page Mr. Wedgwood has some curious speculations on the word *cable*. He adds:—

It is probable that the Mod. Gr. *καβλός*, a cable, which is commonly cited as an equivalent term, may have a similar but independent origin, although it doubtless may be a simple adoption of the western term.

But does the word *καβλός* exist in Greek of any age? Mr. Wedgwood calls it "Modern Greek," but it is not in Byzantios' Modern Greek Lexicon. Nor does it occur in any ancient Greek text. The only authorities for its existence are Suidas and the Scholiast on Aristophanes, who do not quote any example of its use.

Mr. Wedgwood has elsewhere a discourse on periwig. He is loth to believe that *wig* is merely a contraction of *periwig*, like *van* and *bus*, for *caravan* and *omnibus*:—

It must be remembered, however, that when perukes were introduced, they would be a rare article, and there would be none of that hourly mention of them by busy and uneducated people which has operated so powerfully in reducing *omnibus* to *bus*, or *cabriolet* to *cab*. If *periwig* was really cut down to *wig*, the change must have been well known at the time, yet we have not a tittle of positive evidence for the descent of the one from the other, and the only presumption that can be set against the independent existence of *wig*, which we have supported by such strong analogies, is the fact that the earliest instance of the word in our dictionaries is about a hundred years subsequent to that of *periwig*. But no one can suppose that the dictionaries or even the whole written literature of the language can be relied on for the earliest use of a word within anything like that limit.

We cannot help thinking that, when every gentleman wore a periwig, the word must have been in pretty common use. We do not profess to say where the word *wig* is first found, but certainly Pepys talks about his *periwig*; while in the *Spectator* we hear a great deal about *wigs*, and, as far as we remember, little or nothing about *periwigs*. On the other hand, *wig*, though it is found in Johnson, is not found in Bailey's Dictionary (1745), which looks as if it was still, even then, looked on as something of a cant word. Yet *periwig* for *peruque* is an odd corruption,

unless the word *wig* already existed in the language; so we must leave this grave question open.

The most generally interesting paper in the volume is one by Mr. Thomas Watts on Cardinal Mezzofanti. The exaggerated accounts of the number of languages spoken by him are somewhat cut down; but it is, after all, as wonderful to speak fifty languages as to speak a hundred. The strange thing is that Mezzofanti, with his wonderful power of empirically acquiring languages and dialects, and of distinguishing the minutest shades in them, seems to have been nothing of a philologist, and to have, after all, made no real use of his extraordinary knowledge. Here are some specimens of his powers:—

Many of these compositions are very brief, consisting of two lines only, and the character of them is such that, although Dr. Russell supposes them to be impromptu, there is nothing to show that they may not have been prepared at leisure. Such lines as these in English—

"Great dangers threaten youth from every side,
Let thy fear be, Almighty God, their guide!"

have nothing to appropriate them to any particular time or any particular person. Two other specimens of English verse are interesting as showing from trifling imperfections of idiom that, as might be expected, the Cardinal's knowledge of our language, however minute, was different from that of a native. One of these is a piece of four lines: "English verses given to an Irish student on his leaving the Propaganda:—

"May Christ be on your lips and heart,
Show forth by facts what words impart,
That by sound words and good behaviour
You may lead others to the Saviour."

The word "facts" in the second line is evidently used to express what an Englishman would have expressed by "deeds." "Facts" are the opposite not of "words" but of "fictions."

Again in the couplet "written for a student" Mezzofanti says:—

"O man, what is thy science? Vanity,
And thou art nothing without charity."

Here the word "science" is too technical and confined for the meaning he wishes to convey. The proper expression is "knowledge," which would equally have fitted into the line, and could not therefore have been rejected on account of the trammels of versification.

One of his poetical effusions is of a more remarkable character. Dr. Wap, a professor of Utrecht, who saw Mezzofanti at Rome in April 1837, wrote in the Cardinal's album a pair of Dutch quatrains, expressive of his admiration. Mezzofanti instantly replied in six lines of Dutch verse, and asked if there were any mistakes in them. Dr. Wap pointed out three, but all very trifling. These lines of Mezzofanti's were undoubtedly produced extempore, as they are an answer to the lines of Wap, and they have a more easy and flowing air than most of his compositions. They are perhaps, of all that Dr. Russell has produced, the most extraordinary proof of his wonderful and unparalleled powers.

Now as to the English verses—"deeds" is much better than "facts," inasmuch as a Teutonic word is better than a Latin one. But there is no inaccuracy in Mezzofanti's use of the word. The old version of the Psalms has:—

They at all times thy facts do show.

"Action, deed," is the only meaning for the word *fact* given by Bailey. So *knowledge* is better than *science*, but not for the latter reason. The restricted sense of both "fact" and "science" is very modern, and a foreigner, who of course knew the language mainly from books, might not recognise it.

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Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, Sole Lessees.—On Monday and Friday, RUY BLAS. On Tuesday and Thursday, LOVE'S TRIUMPH. On Wednesday and Saturday, THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER. Every Evening, HARLEQUIN BEAUTY and THE BEAST. The Grand Transformation Scene, MOONBEAM and SUN-LIGHT, or the DESCENT of MOEN'S FIRST RAY. Invented and Painted by W. Calvert. A Morning Performance of the Fantomime every Wednesday at Two o'clock, to which Children are admitted at half-price, except to pit, 1s. 6d. Commence every evening at Ten minutes to Seven.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Monday Evening next, January 19.—Pianoforte, Herr Pauer; Violin, M. Saiton; Violoncello, Signor Flatt. Vocalists, Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedetto. Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 28 Finsbury.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Egyptian Hall.—Every Evening at Eight (except Saturday), and on Saturday Afternoons at Three, Mr. KENNEDY, Scottish Vocalist, assisted by Mr. Laed at the Pianoforte, will REPEAT his SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS, with frequent change of Programme, including Selections from Professor Wilson's celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianae," with the incidental "Auld Scots Songs," interspersed with Anecdotes of manners and customs. In preparation, "A Night w' Burns," and selections from the "Jacobite Minstrelsy."—Admission, 1s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Reserved Stalls, 3s.; which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, W.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with MR. JOHN PARRY, will appear Every Evening (except Saturday) at 8, and Saturday Morning at 3 o'clock, in THE FAMILY LEGEND. After which, Mr. JOHN PARRY will introduce a new domestic scene entitled MRS. ROSELEAF'S LITTLE EVENING PARTY.—Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent Street.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, Every Night at Eight, and Wednesday Afternoon at Three, in St. James's Hall. Proprietor, W. F. COLLINS. Stalls, 3s.; Archa, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 28 Finsbury.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—Winter Exhibition of Sketches and Studies by the Members. Now open, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk. Admission, One Shilling.

JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

NOW OPEN, the ART EXHIBITION for the RELIEF of the DISTRESS in the COTTON DISTRICTS, 6 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Open from Ten till Four.—Admission, One Shilling.

F. W. DICEY, Hon. Sec.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Vacancy for a Pupil.—A Civil Engineering Firm, of long standing, have a vacancy for an external PUPIL. Their Offices are in North Wales, in a healthy Country Town; and the friends of a young Gentleman, of suitable abilities and education, will find this a most desirable opportunity to give him a sound practical knowledge of the profession.—For Premium, &c., apply to A. B. C., 10 King Street, Wrexham, North Wales.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—In January 1863, there will be an Election to Two Scholarships, of £25 each per annum, tenable for two years—one for Boys under fifteen, the other for Boys under thirteen. The Examination will commence on Wednesday, January 28. For information as to the kind of Examination, application to be made to the Rev. J. FARRER, Head Master.

ESSAYS and REVIEWS DEFENCE FUND.—The Committee congratulate the Contributors to this Fund on the establishment by Law of the right of the Clergy to discuss many important topics relating to the criticism and interpretation of Scripture.

This gain to the Church of England is counterbalanced by hardships to the two Defendants, the decisions in the Court of Arches, on some special points, being so far adverse as to necessitate an Appeal to the Privy Council, involving great expense. The Subscriptions hitherto received amount to £1,436, while the Costs of the Defendants alone are at least £1,300.

The Committee think it most important that the vindication of free discussion in the Church (particularly upon such a question as that of the eternity of future punishments) should be complete, and the interests of Clergymen asserting it protected. They therefore earnestly appeal to all friends of ecclesiastical and literary freedom for pecuniary aid in the prosecution of the Appeals.

C. W. GOODWIN, 6 King's Bench Walk, Temple, } Hon. Secs.
THEOD. DU BOIS, 30 Chancery Lane.

To the latter of whom communications may be addressed.
Subscriptions may be paid to Messrs. Child & Co., Bankers, Temple Bar, London; Messrs. Williams & Norgate, 30 South Frederick Street, Edinburgh; or the Secretaries.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

At the close of the Christmas Vacation, a JUVENILE DEPARTMENT will be OPENED under a Head Master, subject to the supervision and control of the Principal.

The Studies of this Department will be so arranged that it may serve as a preparation both to the Classical and Modern Departments, and especial attention will be paid to English, to the rudiments of Latin and French, and to Writing and Arithmetic.

A distinct portion of the College Buildings, with separate entrance, will be assigned to Boys of this Department, and a separate Playground divided off for their exclusive use. A Juvenile Boarding House will also be opened, as desired.

Boys may be admitted to this Department at the age of 7; none may leave it before 11, or remain in it after 12, without Special Permission from the Principal.

Boys can be nominated and Admitted to this Department on the same Terms as the Lower Classes of the College, except that Nominations may be obtained from the Council at £4 per annum. All Applications to be made to the Secretary, W. L. BAIN, Esq., at the College.

ALFRED BARRY, Principal.

BELSIZE COLLEGE FOR LADIES, 3 and 4 Belsize Park,

Hampstead, N.W. Removed from Kensington Hall.

Principal—Mrs. JOHNSON.

Director of Education—Mr. JOHNSON.

THIS INSTITUTION, for RESIDENT PUPILS only, will be RE-OPENED, at the close of the Vacation, on FRIDAY, January 16.

Terms for Junior and Senior Pupils, Lists of Lectures, &c., may be obtained of the Principal, 3 Belsize Park.

SHEFFIELD SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE and

METALLURGY.

President.

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., F.R.S., D.C.L., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

The Mayor of Sheffield, John Brown, Esq.

The Master Cutler.

The Right Hon. Lord Wharfedale.

Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., and E. M.R.I.A.

Sir Roderic Murchison, F.R.S., Director of the Royal School of Mines.

John Perry, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Metallurgy in the Royal School of Mines.

William Fairbairn, Esq., C.E., F.R.S.

Robert Hunt, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.S., Keeper of Mining Records.

Warrington W. Smyth, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Mining and Mineralogy in the Royal School of Mines.

Director.

The Rev. G. B. Atkinson, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate School; late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Professors.

Chemistry, Metallurgy, and Geology—James Allen, Ph.D., F.C.S., of the Universities of Giessen and Berlin.

Engineering and Mining—J. Thompson, C.E.

Mechanics, Natural Philosophy, and Applied Mechanics—Rev. G. B. Atkinson, M.A.

The Sheffield School of Practical Science and Metallurgy will afford a complete scientific and practical education to students who are destined to become civil, mechanical, or mining engineers, or manufacturers of any kind. Its object is thoroughly to discipline the students in the principles of those Sciences upon which the operations of the Engineer, Metallurgist, or Manufacturer depend.

The education will be given by means of Systematic Courses of Lectures, by Catechetical Class Instruction, by Practical Teaching in the Laboratory and Drawing Room, and occasionally by Field Excursions.

The School of Practical Science and Metallurgy will be conducted in the buildings of the Sheffield Collegiate School. The two Institutions, although both under the superintendence of the Rev. G. B. Atkinson, Principal of the Collegiate School, are, however, entirely distinct.

A detailed Prospectus, containing Syllabuses of all the Courses of Lectures, and all other information, arrangements being paid to Warrington W. Smyth, Esq., may be obtained by application to the Director.

The School will open in the First Week in February, 1863.

OAKHAM SCHOOL, RUTLAND, re-opens February 4.

There are Twelve open Exhibitions of £40 per annum each, and many other University advantages. For terms, &c., apply to the Head Master.

BIRKENHEAD PROPRIETARY SCHOOL (LIMITED),

BIRKENHEAD PARK.

Head Master—Rev. J. L. PEARSE, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, and Bell's Scholar of the University of Cambridge.

The Course of Instruction is the same generally as that of the principal Public Schools, especial attention being paid to Writing, Arithmetic, and Modern Languages. Pupils are admitted between the Ages of Nine and Fifteen. The Fees range from £14 to £21 per Annum. The School will re-open on February 1. For further particulars apply to the Head Master, or to WILLIAM JACKSON, Esq., Jun., Hon. Sec., 31 Fenwick Street, Liverpool.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, HENDON, N.W., will re-open

Wednesday, January 28, 1863. Applications for Admission or Prospectuses to TANKS M. COOPER, Esq., Clapham Common; the Rev. Dr. HEADHALL, Head Master; or the Rev. T. W. REES, at the School.

THE CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL will re-open on

Thursday, January 29. Head Master, Rev. ALFRED WATKINS, M.A., M.D., F.R.A.S., of John's College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics in the late Royal Military College, Addiscombe.

DENMARK HILL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near London.

Principal, Mr. C. P. MASON, B.A., Fellow of University College, London.

The Pupils of the above-named School will reassemble on Tuesday, January 20.

Prospectuses and Statements of the results of the Examinations held by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, may be obtained on application to the Principal.

The Scholastic Year will for the future be divided into three Terms, instead of Half-years and Quarters.

ASPLEY SCHOOL, near WOBURN.—Principal, Dr.

LOVELL, late of Winslow.—The next Term commences on the 25th instant. Pupils are prepared for the Universities, Military Colleges, and Public Schools.

UPPER NORWOOD.—Notice of Removal.—The GRANGE

SCHOOL removed from Norwood to Gordon House, Goldsmid Road, Brighton. The Grange to be let, with immediate possession, in excellent repair, commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect.—Particulars, with cards to view, of Messrs. Ellis & Son, 49 Fenchurch Street, and Messrs. Debenham & Co., 80 Chancery.

MANSON GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD,

SURREY.—Mr. PAVES begs to announce that the next Term will commence on Monday the 19th instant.

HEVERSHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near Milnthorpe,

Westmorland. Head Master—Rev. J. H. SHAPLES, M.A., formerly Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. Boarders are received and prepared, either for the Universities or Commerce, at 25s. 3s. or 6s. per annum, according to age. Seven Exhibitions, of different values, from about £50 to £100 a-year, are connected with the School, and are open to all Pupils, two of them being available, in case of vacancy, for supporting Boys at the School.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE INSTITUTE, 8 St. Peter's

Terrace, Kensington Park Gardens. Principal, the Rev. JAMES JOSEPH FAWCETT, M.A. For Candidates for both First and Further Examination for the Civil Service of India. Term commenced on the 5th inst. For Prospectuses, &c., apply to the Principal.

NAUTICAL EDUCATION.—SCHOOL FRIGATE

"CONWAY," LIVERPOOL.—The NEXT SESSION of this Institution will commence January 31, 1863.

The "Conway," moored in the River Mersey, is designed to train and educate, at the most moderate cost, boys intended for officers in the Merchant Navy.

The course is of two years in the "Conway" is reckoned by a special order of the Board of Trade, as one year at sea; thus the pupils save a year in passing their examinations to be officers, and require to be at sea only three, instead of four years, before doing so.

Terms of Admission, Thirty-five Guineas per Annum.

For the other advantages of the Institution, detailed particulars, and Forms of Application, apply to the Commander, the Conway, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead; or to the Secretary, R. J. THOMSON, Esq., 4 Chapel Street, Liverpool.

several obstinate cases of asthma and coughs have been completely cured by their use; and, indeed, their efficacy is general in diseases of the lungs." To singers and public speakers they are invaluable for the voice. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1jd. and 2s. 6d. per box, sold by all Chemists.

Applications for shares, with a deposit of 10s. per share, may be made to the Brokers, or at the Offices of the Company, 73 Cheapside, E.C., where plans of the Hotel, and a copy of the prospectus, may be inspected.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE.

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

Directors.
 The Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR, President.
 Wm. Fred. Pollock, Esq., V.P.
 James Spicer, Esq., V.P.
 John Charles Burgoyne, Esq.
 Lord G. H. Cavendish, M.P.
 Frederick Cowper, Esq.
 Charles Curling, Esq.
 Charles Dwyer, Esq.
 Richard Gosling, Esq.
 Peter Martineau, Esq.
 John Alldin Moore, Esq.
 Sir Alexander Morison, M.D.
 John Charles Temple, Esq.
 Richard Twining, Esq.
 H. S. H. Wollaston, Esq.

The EQUITABLE, established in 1762, was one of the earliest Offices on the mutual principle.

The entire profits are divisible among its Members, no portion of the same being diverted either for dividends on shares, as in "Proprietary" Offices, or for "Commission" to agents.

During the century of its existence it has paid £16,400,000 in claims, and £15,260,000 for bonuses on the same.

The invested capital, on December 31, 1862, exceeded Five millions sterling.

The reserve at the last "rest," in December 1862, exceeded £770,000, as a basis for future divisions.

Under the Bye-Law of December 19, 1816, the oldest 5,000 policies are admitted to participation in the bonus.

New assured in the current year (1863) will be placed among that number after payment of their first premium, and will become entitled to a rateable share in the bonus to be made in December 1863, and in all future benefits of the Office.

SURRENDER OF POLICIES.—The full value is paid on surrender, without any deduction.

LEADS ON POLICIES.—The Directors will make advances on deposit of the Policies.

A Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and a Short Account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, at the Office.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

PELICAN LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,

ESTABLISHED IN 1767.

No. 70 LOMBARD STREET, E.C. 1; and 57 CHANCING CROSS, S.W.

Directors.
 Octavius F. Coope, Esq.
 William Cotton, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S.
 John Davis, Esq.
 James A. Gordon, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
 Edward Hawtorn, Esq.
 Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq., M.P.
 Henry Lancelot Holland, Esq.
 William James Lancaster, Esq.
 John Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S.
 Benjamin Shaw, Esq.
 Matthew Whiting, Esq.
 Marmaduke Wyllie, Esq., M.P.

Robert Tucker, Secretary and Actuary.

EXAMPLES of the amount of Bonus awarded at the recent division of Profits to Policies of £1000 each, effected for the whole term of life at the undermentioned ages:—

Age when Assured	Duration of Policy.	Bonus in Cash.	Bonus in Reversion.
25	7 years.	39 7 0	65 0 0
	11 years.	36 2 0	72 10 0
	21 years.	34 9 0	82 0 0
40	7 years.	49 10 6	94 10 0
	14 years.	61 2 0	95 10 0
	21 years.	75 2 6	108 0 0
60	7 years.	85 4 6	127 10 0
	14 years.	117 2 6	144 10 0
	21 years.	144 1 0	163 10 0

* For Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, &c., apply at the Office as above, or to any of the Company's Agents.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE and LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

CAPITAL (FIRE, £1,000,000.

(LIFE, £100,000.)

75 and 74 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Chairman—F. W. Russell, Esq., M.P.

Deputy Chairman (Fire)—Mr. Alderman Dakin.

(Life)—J. H. Mackenzie, Esq.

The two Companies are established under different Deeds, and with separate Capital.

Fire and Life Insurances at moderate rates.

Foreign residence and travelling allowed under liberal conditions.

Loans granted.

Commission allowed to Agents and others.

W. F. CLIBBROUGH, General Manager.

GREAT BRITAIN MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established A.D. 1841.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 25 & 26 Vic. cap. 74.

WILLIAM HENRY DICKSON, Esq., Chancellor House, Tunbridge Wells, Chairman.

THOMAS E. DAVISON, Esq., 3 Royal Exchange Buildings, Deputy Chairman.

This Society is established on the tried and approved principle of Mutual Assurance. The funds are accumulated for the exclusive benefit of the members, under their own immediate superintendence and control. The profits are divided annually.

C. L. LAWSON, Secretary.

101 Cheapside, E.C.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1801.

Incorporated by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament.

HEAD OFFICE—26 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

The SCOTTISH EQUITABLE is a purely Mutual Society. The Members are expressly exempted from personal responsibility for any Claims against the Society, and the whole Profits belong to them.

Since the Society was established, upwards of £1,300,000 have been paid to the Representatives of deceased Members.

The total Additions made to Policies amount to £1,207,268.

POSITION OF THE SOCIETY AT FIRST MARCH 1862.

Existing Assurances, including Bonus Additions £5,718,000

Accumulated Fund, invested in Landed Securities, Government Stock, and other eligible Investments £1,284,910

Annual Revenue £360,798

The Investigation Report (1862), Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and every information, may be had at the Head Office or Agents of the Society.

Edinburgh, December 1862.

OFFICE IN LONDON, 26 POULTRY, E.C.

GEORGE TODD, Manager.

WM. FINLAY, Secretary.

ARCHD. T. RITCHIE, Agent.

THE ITALIAN IRRIGATION CANAL COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that, in conformity with the notification of November 28, 1862, those Shareholders who have not yet paid the further amount of £4 per Share (making on the whole £6 per Share), must make such payment on or before the 15th day of February next, when which date interest at the rate of 4 per Cent. per Annum will be charged upon all sums then in arrear. Interest at the same rate upon all payments made will be allowed from the dates of payment.

By Order, G. GRANT, Acting Secretary.

15 Gresham House, E.C., Old Broad Street, London, Jan. 14, 1863.

CANADA AGENCY ASSOCIATION, Limited (established 1858), 125 Gresham House, London, E.C.

The Hon. Mr. Justice HALIBURTON, M.P., Chairman.

Joseph Fry, Esq.
 Pascoe C. Glynn, Esq.
 William Hazlett, Esq.

Henry Kingscote, Esq.

H. E. Montgomerie, Esq.

Fridoux Selby, Esq.

Solicitors—Messrs. Freshfields & Newman.

Bankers—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, & Co.

The Directors are prepared to negotiate the prompt investment of moneys on freehold mortgage in Canada, interest at 7 per Cent. per annum being guaranteed by the Association, to be paid on January 1 and July 1. Further particulars may be had on application.

HENRY M. LONG, Secretary.

SEVEN PER CENT. PERPETUAL PREFERENCE STOCK

of the DEMERARA RAILWAY COMPANY.

Incorporated by Act of the Colonial Legislature, and confirmed by Her Majesty in Council.

Applications for the remaining portion of this Stock may be sent to CHARLES CAVE, Esq., Colonial Commissioner, at the banking house of Messrs. Prescott, Grote, Cave, & Cave, 62 Threadneedle Street, London.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA

has been, during twenty-five years, emphatically sanctioned by the Medical Profession, and, universally accepted by the public, as the best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and as a Mild Aperient for delicate constitutions, more especially for Ladies and Children. It is prepared in a state of perfect purity and of uniform strength, only by DINNEFORD & CO., 173 New Bond Street, London, and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the world.

FIFTY-FIRST REPORT of the LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.

At a GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders, held at the Banking House of the Company, in Princes Street, Mansion House, on Thursday, January 16, 1863.

GEORGE THOMAS BROOKING, Esq., Chairman.

HENRY CHRISTY, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

Directors.
 William Bird, Esq.
 William Bloom, Esq.
 George Thomas Brooking, Esq.
 Henry Christy, Esq.
 Francis Joseph Delafosse, Esq.
 Ald. Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P.
 Philip William Flower, Esq.
 Francis Bennett Goldney, Esq.
 Charles James Heath, Esq.
 William J. Lanister, Esq.
 Donald Larnach, Esq.
 Henry Lee, Esq.
 John George Maclean, Esq.
 Sir John M. Tappart, Bart.
 John Timothy O'Leary, Esq.
 George Pollard, Esq.
 Frederick Rodwell, Esq.
 John George Silva, Esq.
 George Taylor, Esq.

The Manager—Mr. FLEMING HEWETT.

Solicitors—Messrs. CLARKE & MORICE.

The following Report was presented:

By the annexed Accounts, which the Directors have the pleasure of submitting to the Shareholders, it will be seen that the net profit realized by the Bank during the six months ending the 31st of December last amounts to £75,000 15s. 1d.

After providing for the usual Dividend at the rate of £12 1/2 per centum per annum, the Directors are enabled to declare a Bonus of 10s. per Share, and to carry the sum of £8,104 17s. 10d. to the credit of the Guarantee Fund.

This Fund, with the accruing Interest and enhanced value of Government and East India Securities held by the Bank since June 30, now amounts to £307,373 0s. 5d.

The following Gentlemen retire from the Direction under the Provisions of the Deed of Settlement:—Francis Joseph Delafosse, Esq.; Philip William Flower, Esq.; John George Maclean, Esq.; George Taylor, Esq.; and offer themselves for re-election.

The Dividend and Bonus, free from Income-tax, will be payable on and after Friday, the 22nd instant.

The preceding Report having been read to the Meeting by the Secretary, a Dividend for the half-year, ending December 31 last, at the rate of £12 1/2 per centum per annum, and a further division of 10s. per Share out of the net profits of the half-year ending at above, were declared by the Chairman.

Resolved unanimously.—That the Report now read be received, and that it be printed for the use of the Shareholders.

The following Directors having retired by rotation, were unanimously re-elected, viz., Francis Joseph Delafosse, Esq.; Philip William Flower, Esq.; John George Maclean, Esq.; George Taylor, Esq.; and offer themselves for re-election.

Resolved unanimously.—That the best thanks of this Meeting be presented to the Board of Directors, for their continued exertions for the welfare of the Bank.

Resolved unanimously.—That the thanks of this Meeting be presented to the Manager, for his assiduous attention to the affairs of the Bank.

(Signed) GEORGE THOMAS BROOKING, Chairman.

Extracted from the Minutes.

ALFRED SCRIVENER, Secretary.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1862.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.

Dr.	To Capital paid up, viz. 60,000 Shares at £10 each	£600,000 0 0
	To amount due by the Bank	11,367,273 17 10
	To amount of 10s. per Share out of the net profits of the half-year ending at above, were declared by the Chairman	8,104 17 10
	To Six Months' Interest on ditto, at 4 1/2 per cent. per annum	3,712 17 7
		£80,184 3 4
	Add Increase since the valuation on June 30, 1862, in the market value of Government and East India securities held by the Bank	5,500 0 0
		£85,684 3 4
	To Undivided Profit for the last Half-year	7,279 5 8
	To amount carried to Profit and Loss Account	108,915 18 9
		£116,194 3 2

By Exchange Bill, East India Debentures, and Government Stock

By Cash, Loans, Bills discounted, and other Securities

By Building, Furniture, &c., in Princes Street

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THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—The REAL NICKEL SILVER. introduced more than 30 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when plated by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.

A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability, as follows:—

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	Lily Pattern.	King's or Military, &c.
10 Table Forks.....	£ s. d. 1 13 0	£ s. d. 2 4 0	£ s. d. 2 10 0	£ s. d. 2 15 0
12 Table Spoons.....	1 13 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Dessert Forks.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Dessert Spoons.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Tea Spoons.....	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 10 0	0 13 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 0
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 4 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 13 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 13 0	0 13 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
Total.....	9 19 0	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

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